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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 102. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 15TH, 1910. ONE PENNY

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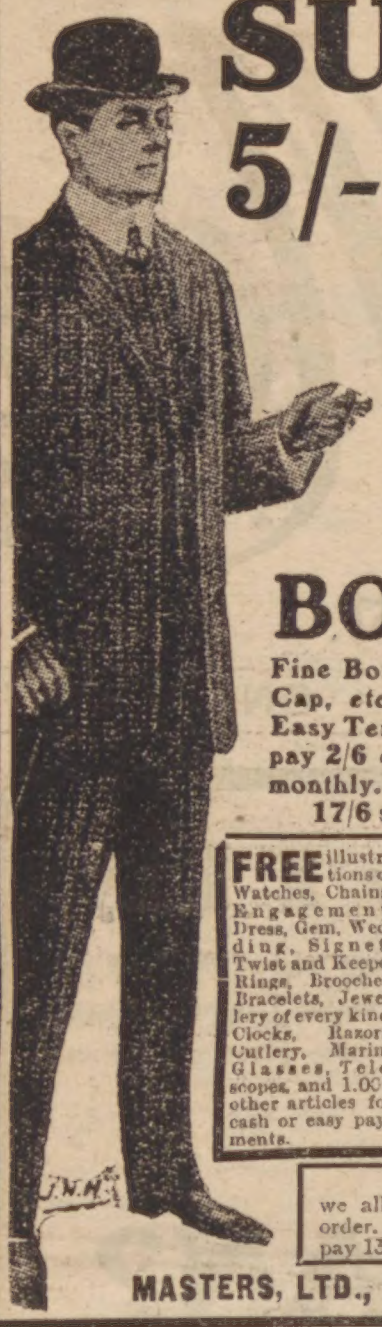

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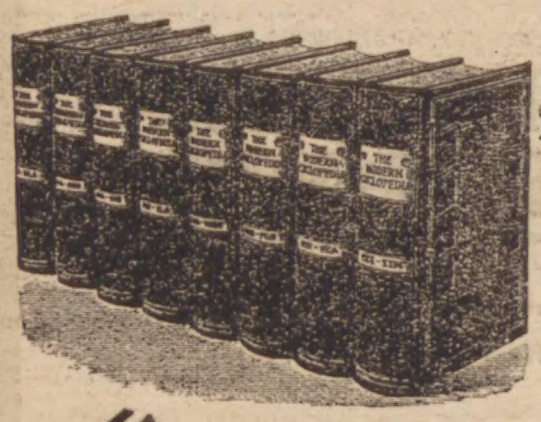

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 102. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 15TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

"ONE-MAN" MEN.

Some men appear to best advantage in company, but of others the reverse holds true. Many men make very good friends or interesting conversationalists when with only one other man, but who are not seen at their best, either as companions or talkers, when among a large masculine gathering.

In the latter case they are silent, they stand on one side, taking no part in the light badinage that generally follows when a number of men are assembled together.

When, however, they are alone with one man who is congenial to them, they appear in quite a different light. They can tell a good story, or talk in an interesting manner.

It would be interesting to know the psychological reason of this. Possibly it is that these "one-man men" are more inclined to deep thought than the average man, they need to be "drawn out" more; and whereas one man can draw them out, they are handicapped in a general conversation where the topic shifts, every second, like a weather-vane in a whirlwind.

ADJUSTING YOUR STIRRUPS.

Many a man who is a good rider and a lover of horses imagines that when he is adjusting his stirrups he has only his own comfort and convenience to think of.

But, as a matter of fact, if the stirrups are not properly fixed the horse may suffer considerably, and if the two stirrup leathers are not the same length, the result may be a saddle-gall which may put the animal *hors de combat* for a time.

It is not an infallible way of getting the leathers of equal length to buckle each in the same hole—say the fifth from the end on each side—for the holes may not have been punched evenly.

The only sound plan is to get someone to stand in front of you when you are mounted and to tell you whether your feet are at the same height.

In order to get your leathers approximately the right length before you mount, measure them against your arm, and if they are long enough to reach from your finger-tips to your arm-pit, they will not be far wrong.

When you are in the saddle, the correct length brings the bottom of the stirrup against the ankle-bone when the leg is stretched out straight.

A stirrup fixed according to this rule will seem to some men uncomfortably long, and it is not until one has done a certain amount of riding without stirrups that one "shakes down" into the saddle sufficiently to make this comfortable.

CHEEK.

Mr. Lloyd George recently attacked an adder. Had the adder added up Form 4 incorrectly?

* * *

"Police Intelligence" runs a "Morning Advertiser" headline. Thank 'Evins! There is some, then, after all!

* * *

The oyster season has now started—but the next bru—person who sends us any reference to the "succulent bivalve" will receive a call from our Fighting Editor.

* * *

Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., declares that "Bacon is Shakespeare." This is strange; because our grocer, on the other hand, asserts, on a poster, that "Bacon is cheap to-day."

* * *

Says Mr. Joseph Watson, "To see everything, to study everything, to understand everything, to know about everything—that is the object which King George has constantly in view when travelling or at home." There are moments when our young friend Smith Minor is glad that he is not King George.

* * *

Thus the "Sunday Chronicle": "What is art? . . . When the last trump shall sound, it will, I have no doubt, interrupt a good many discussions on the same interesting topic." There will be some consolation in the last trump, then, after all.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIGHT BOY: No; the successful play "A Bolt from the Blue" has nothing to do with anybody running away from a policeman.

CLEANLY CHRISTIAN: Set your mind at ease. The expression "officers' mess" does *not* mean what you suggest.

* * *

A hunted stag recently dashed into the bar of an inn. Bertie Bonnyboy now strenuously denies the generally accepted stupidity of the stag.

* * *

"The Chestnut Scourge," ran a cross-head in "M.A.P." recently. But it referred to a species of fungus, and not, as might be imagined, to some of our contemporary's own jokes and anecdotes.

* * *

Love laughs at locksmiths—but sometimes the girl's father isn't a locksmith, but an old international footballer.

* * *

"No one likes the bellowing human," says a Yankee newspaper. Strange, then, that ex-President Roosevelt should be so popular.

J. S. COX.

RAZOR-FISH.

Razor-fish are a favourite sea-fishing bait, being especially attractive to bass and plaice. They are a sort of mollusc enclosed in a long, narrow shell, which in its colour and markings resembles the bone handles of cheap razors, hence the name. Inside this shell is a long, white, fairly tough creature with minute specks for eyes, and some power of movement, though I believe the razor-fish never wholly leaves its shell.

When used for bait, they are cut into strips, or small bits, and often you may catch five or six fish consecutively with the same bait. Although a shell fish, razor-fish are found in the sand, the best time being a very low tide.

At most seaside places they may be bought for four a penny, though rapacious longshoremen will try to charge you double that price.

They keep well, lasting three or even four days. Many anglers preserve them much longer by pickling them in brine, but, as is the case with "steamed" mussels they are not nearly so good as the fresh article, and fish will not look at them unless very hungry indeed.

CORRUPT RACING PRACTICES.

It is a Turf offence for any person to administer or cause to be administered, for the purpose of affecting the speed of a horse, drugs or stimulants internally, by hypodermic or other methods.

This rule apparently does not apply to giving a horse a bottle of whisky or champagne before a race.

Whether the Jockey Club regard water as a "stimulant" or not, I do not know, but they do not look favourably upon the owner or trainer who gives a horse a bucket of water shortly before a race.

I daresay it will surprise some people to learn that "touting" is illegal in the eyes of the Jockey Club, but this is so.

It is not, of course, an offence to try openly to obtain information about a horse, but it is to do so surreptitiously. A tout who approaches a stable-lad for information without consent of the trainer is guilty of an offence.

An attempt to bribe a race official, or any trainer, jockey or other person interested in a race is, of course, a serious matter.

Wilfully to enter for a race a horse which you know to be disqualified is another crime which will bring you under the ban of the powers.

The penalty of these and other offences is "warning-off." Strictly speaking, an offender is "warned off" Newmarket Heath only, but in reality it extends to all meetings held under Jockey Club rules.

SKATING-RINK SECRETS

WHY WEALTHY WOMEN ADOPT THIS PASTIME.

If you are a keen rinker, you have probably gone to the rink to skate, and, therefore, the chances are that you have missed a good deal of the amusement that is to be had there by keeping your eyes open.

For there are skaters and skaters. The first sort go there to skate and have a good deal of pleasant exercise in attractive surroundings and in pleasant company.

The others go there to skate so that they may also enjoy what gives them greater pleasure still.

The majority of the people who rink are young and pleasant folk who are keen on swift motion, who are legitimately rather pleased to swing round the floor hand-in-hand with a pretty chap or a decent chap as the case may be.

Nobody, in short, expects youth and beauty to take its pleasures with a glum countenance and a frozen tongue.

HOW THE DIVIDENDS ARE PAID.

There, however, are not the most interesting of the patrons and patronesses of the rink. You will find this out if you go into any of the London rinks and keep your eyes open.

Since the opening of rinks in quarters considered more or less fashionable, the dividends, where such have been paid, have been earned largely through the patronage of the multitudes of women who find the rinks pleasant outlets for their superfluous wealth and who need something more human than a lap-dog or a kitten on which to lavish the superabundance of their friendship and even affection.

The woman verging on middle age, who is still hungry for romance; wives, unmarried daughters, maiden aunts, and members of the unattached squadron may be met with here, all highly respectable and decorous, and about whom no breath of suspicion ever floats.

STRANGE EXTRAVAGANCE.

They are lured there like moths; in a sort of vague expectancy that there may be a little excitement on hand—a little romance they call it—something to give a jerk and a flavour to their deadly monotonous and respectable existence at home.

There is no harm in any of them. They are not hankering for so-called freedom; but are just normal human beings whose life makes no tax upon their energies and who are swayed by instincts they cannot analyse and have no need to control.

And so it falls out that there are strange freaks of patronage at the rink and instances of strange extravagance are of everyday occurrence.

TALES THAT MIGHT BE TOLD.

If some of the instructors would but talk; if the men who fix on and take off the skates of the patrons fair and forty, and often fat; and if others who find a living in the employment of rink-owners had the gift of tongues or facility with the pen they could some tales unfold.

They would tell of women who were intensely jealous of each other over the particular instructor who gallantly and yet respectfully piloted them round the rink; they would name scores of women whose patronage of the rink would cease if so-and-so could not help them to put on and take off their skates and give them an occasional half-hour's "tuition"; they would tell of innumerable instances where a rink employee became the confidant of the rink patroness; and even of cases where the employee found so much favour as to find his name on the visiting list of his attentive customers.

But there are stranger things than these at skating rinks. The writer knows of more than one man who now possesses many handsome presents from a grateful patroness who has been taught to skate.

The women of whom I write shower gifts upon those who attend to their rinking needs with a hand that is lavish.

"What would you like?" is a question that many a skating-rink attendant—instructor, skate man, or other official—has been asked, with an intimation that he need not be modest in his demands.

LIVING ON ECCENTRIC PATRONESSES.

Diamonds, gold, and precious stones, to say nothing of bank-notes, change hands with remarkable facility, and many a lucky rink employee, whose salary may be 30s. a week, lives like a fighting-cock on the goodwill and gratitude of a rich and eccentric patroness.

"I have everything I want except a motor-car," said one man when asked what he would like as a mark of his patroness's gratitude for his tuition and courtesy.

"Then you shall have your car," was the prompt response, and that car was ordered forthwith and may have been delivered by this time.

How the good lady imagined that her protégé was going to keep up the car I do not know, but no doubt he will realise a nice little sum by selling it.

IN LONDON RINKS.

Indeed, some of the employees have such a good time that, like the legendary gamekeeper, they sniff at anything but "paper" tips.

From all of which it would be foolish to conclude that the skating rink is a Tom Tiddler's ground for every employee, where gold and silver may be picked up every time. Such is not the case, but there is, at many of the rinks, and especially at those nearest to the heart of London, much more than meets the eye.

And some of it is here faithfully set forth.

DAVID COOPER.

A GOOD CATCH.

If ever you hear a friend explaining how good he is at arithmetic, you may get some fun out of trying him with this catch. "If a salmon cost ten shillings and half its own price, how much does it cost?" Of course, the answer is twenty shillings, for the ten shillings must be the other half of the price. But it is remarkable how many clever mathematicians will spend quite a long time thinking it over.

Another catch that usually works the first time is this: "If a herring and a half cost three-halfpence, how much would three herrings cost?" The answer is threepence.

THE HOME "VET."

SOME AILMENTS THAT YOU CAN FOR YOURSELF.

Most of us, when any four-footed of ours is in a bad state of health, or with an accident, at once look up the veterinary surgeon. But there are many things that a man who owns a dog horse can do for himself—and here are two of them.

Have you ever observed your dog to less, disinclined to move, and to give little yelps when he walks? W dog does that he is generally suffering touch of rheumatism.

When you see those signs, give you a dose of castor oil, and afterwards adm salicylic acid, colchicine, or iodide of sium. The chemist will tell you how and how to give it.

The affected parts should be rubbed mixture of hartshorn, spirit of turp laudanum, and camphorated spirit.

By far the most objectionable dogg ment is mange; and it is also partic difficult to cure. It is brought on by feeding or dirt, or both. The first s take is to give your patient a good warm and dry him *thoroughly*. Then rub in oil and sulphur mixed to a cream. B should not be allowed to touch the hair. the coat round the affected places. An ing the treatment keep a muzzle on th so that he cannot lick the ointment o

A hint on how to dose a dog m useful. If he be a big dog you ca him salts or a pill by wrapping it up thin piece of meat and letting him bolt if he be a little one it is easiest to gi medicine in the form of a powder. with butter and smear it in small qua on his nose. He will not be long in it off.

A word to the wise. If your dog water, and he has a husky cough, it bably distemper. Call in a vet.

The man whose pet is a cat general a pretty easy time, for pussy knows ver how to look after herself. But from t time you may have to give her a pow for worms or other disorders; and don't set about it properly the result be painful.

Two people are required, who should thick gloves. The cat should be swat a blanket, so that she may not scratch

Pop the mixture or the pill into her and hold the latter firmly closed un dose is swallowed.

The owner of a horse is generally to seek the assistance of the vet., for complaints are generally too complicat unskilled aid.

But there is one thing that most m attend to themselves—and that is the co ailment known as "saddle-galls."

This is generally brought on by a fitting saddle or by inattention whil animal is in a profuse sweat, and it is a preventive measure to leave the saddle an hour or so after bringing him in.

To detect the presence of saddle-gall your hand along his withers, spine saddle-bed. If he is suffering in this you will find thickened, abraded, or patches, ranging in size from a farthing half-crown piece.

Bathe these in some soothing lotion. is not a bad one: 6 drachms of pow alum, 40 grains of tannic acid, and 8 water.

By the way, the best method of medicine to a horse is by means of a passed round his upper jaw and an ov (beam—to keep his head well up. Th you want is an ordinary soda-water bo fairly large size.

T. B. WHITTAK

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE PARTING SHOT

By R. D. CROMBIE.

It was the misery in Somerset's eyes which at length persuaded Holderness to speak as he did. He uncrossed his legs, leaned forward in his armchair, and addressed his host gravely.

"Old man," he said; "you and I have been friends for many years."

"Since lads," said Somerset. He was sitting hunched up, with elbows on knees and chin supported by his hands, staring fixedly into the fire.

"We've liked each other all through," continued Holderness. "We've been mutually glad for our good times, and mutually sorry for the bad. We've respected each other's—griefs."

"Yes," said Somerset.

"You married. I didn't. But when that happened to you, I was as sincerely delighted as though the good fortune had been mine. I wanted to see it turn out happily—almost for a selfish reason. You understand?"

"Yes," said Somerset, in a hard voice. "I understand."

"That was three years ago. I've been watching progress ever since. I am not quite—satisfied, Somerset."

Somerset worked his chin deeper into his hands, but did not reply.

"I am now," proceeded Holderness, "going to say something for which you will have a perfect right to kick me out of the house. I don't think you'll exercise the right; but I risk it. Your wife, old man. . . ."

"Yes," said Somerset, cold as stone, "my wife —?"

"And Davidson."

"And Davidson. My wife and Davidson. Go on, Holderness."

"They are out together at this moment, I believe?"

"They are always out together."

"Where are they?"

"God knows."

Holderness sat back.

"Will you tell me," he said, "why you stand it?"

"Because I can't stop it."

"You have tried?"

"Yes."

"But surely there must be a way."

"There is no way."

Holderness fidgeted. "I cannot understand you," he said.

Somerset made no attempt to enlighten him. He set his teeth, and with a touch of grimness went on:

"This is where you kick me out. Is it that you think nothing is wrong?"

"No," said Somerset. "I am convinced there is."

"Then—divorce?"

"And give her up to that man?" Somerset turned slowly and looked at his friend.

"Ah," said Holderness, quietly. "Yet," he persisted, "at least you could forbid him the house. He comes here. I see him often. You receive him as a friend. I have noticed that your manner reveals nothing. They practically flaunt their illicit affection before your eyes, and you make no sign. Somerset, why?"

"She will have him here, that is all."

"But isn't that a confession of helplessness? I have never thought you weak."

"I am as weak as water where she is concerned. Holderness"—Somerset's voice was husky—"I am fond of her—still. I can't let her go. I have begged of her not to run away with him. To accept the shelter of my roof—so that I can look at her sometimes. It is living degradation, but I should die if I lost her. And besides . . ."

He turned his head, and spoke in quiet awful accents to the fire.

"And, besides, I have sworn he shall not have her. I have sworn to part them. I have sworn it to something . . . in the dark."

"Somerset!" exclaimed Holderness, in fear.

"What do you mean, old man? What have you made up your mind to do?"

"I have decided on nothing—yet. I don't know what to do. But a way will be revealed to me. I am as certain of it as that I am a wronged man."

"You will kill him?"

"No; I do not think I shall kill him."

"Her, then?"

"Harm her!" said Somerset.

And it was sufficient answer.

"If only there had been a youngster," said Holderness, "it might have been different."

"Yes, my God," said Somerset; and all unexpectedly he hid his face in his hands.

Holderness got up and went and stood by his friend, distressed, but conscious of his inability to offer any comfort.

"Cheer up," he said, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Don't take it too much to heart, old man. These things have a way of straightening themselves out, often when they appear in the blackest tangle. I'm sure the matter will be all right. Come now!"

He shook him; but Somerset did not stir.

"You'll perhaps feel better alone," suggested Holderness. "It's getting on for twelve, I see, and quite time I got back to my own little crib."

He waited a moment.

"Well, good-night," he added. "And—and—I say—God bless you, old man!"

Somerset sat without moving, his face buried in his hands. And with a sensation of choking, Holderness went away.

* * * * * * *

That night Mrs. Somerset did not come home. Her husband went to his business as usual in the morning. He had not slept, nor taken off his clothes. A great stillness had settled upon his heart. He moved about like an automaton, thoughtless, mechanical, void of feeling.

At the ordinary time he returned home. His wife was in the dining-room, arranging the flowers for the table. Dinner was laid for three.

She continued her occupation with fingers not quite steady.

"The motor broke down at Godalming," she said. "It was too late to wire you, and there was no train back. I hope you weren't worried."

"I sat up all night," he said, stonily.

"Whatever for!" she exclaimed. "You might have known something had occurred if I wasn't back by—by——"

"By what hour?" he inquired. "Your habits are not so regular that one can with any confidence rely on them."

"Well, you have had my explanation," she said, walking towards the door.

"Yes. Who is coming to dinner?"

"Eric Davidson," she replied, going out.

It was ever thus that she contemptuously cut him short if he attempted to mak any complaint.

He went into his study. There, for a while, he sat, his countenance expressionless, his fingers locked tightly together. He was listening.

A ring came at the front door bell. His wife went to answer it. He could tell it was she, because the skirts of the servants did not rustle.

Somebody was admitted. He heard a musical laugh—his wife's laugh—such a laugh as only one man could bring from her. His guest—his wife's lover—had arrived.

Going out into the hall he spoke to them.

"Will you two come in here?"

There was a brief, inquisitive silence; then he stepped aside to allow them to pass.

He closed the door.

"I have something to say to you both," he said.

Something in his manner made them exchange a quick glance.

"You, Davidson, first. You were with my wife last night."

"I was—but if you think——"

"I don't wish to hear any excuses. I simply desire you to understand that my wife had not remained away for a night prior to then. It is what I may call the last straw. I do not intend that this *liaison* shall continue."

His wife shrugged her shoulders and sat down.

"Now, Davidson, I have asked you several times before, and I ask you again, to leave her alone and to leave me alone. If you really love her, you should be willing to make a sacrifice for her good. Go away. Quit the country, or, at least, quit London, and promise me you will not see her again or hold any further intercourse with her whatever; and no more need be said. It is not an unreasonable request for a husband to make."

"I couldn't do it," said Davidson with a suspicion of airiness.

"It is your final opportunity. I assure you, solemnly and earnestly, that if you refuse you will everlastingly regret it."

"Oh, Henry, don't be theatrical," interposed his wife wearily.

He transferred his gaze to her.

"Would to God it were play-acting!" he said. "Do I not love you as well as this man? Is not my claim as great or greater? I am human. I have feeling. You have flouted me, scorned me, goaded me. Throughout I have treated you with respect, throughout I have held you in honour. You have traded on my love, sure that nothing that you did could alter it; you have subjected me to indescribable indignity and bitter humiliation. I have endured it. Why? Because I never forgot you were once fond of me. Because I hoped against hope that affection would return. It seems that it will not. But I give you your chance. Send him away. I will overlook everything if you will only do that. I——"

The feverish outburst stopped, as she rose with a cutting laugh.

"Should I have been here now," she said, "if it had not been for your pitiful pleading? I will pack up and leave at once. You have plenty of evidence for divorce, and you may rest assured that we shall offer no defence."

Her lover nodded in assent.

She crossed to Davidson and took hold of his arm. Her husband was white, with a terrible fixity of expression.

"I warn you," he said, slowly, "you will part to-night."

"Nothing on earth shall part us," she replied, firmly. "Eric, tell him that you think the same."

"I do," said Davidson.

And even as he said it he started back with a cry.

Somerset had drawn a revolver and blown out his own brains. . . .

Shrieking the woman clung to her lover. He pushed her away with a shuddering gasp.

"Not after that," he cried hoarsely. "Not with that thing separating us. . . . He has kept his word."

The Sisyphuses of Sport

GAME FIGHTERS WHO NEVER WIN.

Far back among the mists of legendary story, a gaunt man, with a face that bears upon it the woe of all the ages, rolls a huge stone up a hill for ever and ever. As soon as he heaves it, gasping, to the top, it rolls back again. His task is never-ending.

Perhaps it is given to Sisyphus to understand and sympathise with the lot of mortal men; for there are those among us whose struggles are akin to his.

* * * * * * *

Under a black sky, lowering with masses of cloud that are borne along swiftly by a chill wind, a man battles with ever-advancing waves. He has been in the water for over ten hours, and the coast of France, which is the great goal of his ambition, is still only a low-lying black streak in the far distance.

THE ALL-CONQUERING SEA.

Inch by inch—it is little more—he heaves himself forward with mechanical strokes of his powerful arms and legs; now breasting a rolling swell, and now diving far under a towering wave that hides him for some moments from the sight of his friends in the little steam tug that is following close by.

Even through the thick coating of grease that was put upon his body before he entered the water, the embrace of the sea is as cold as ice.

How much longer can he go on?

He looks inquiringly at the tug and shouts something that the crew cannot hear. But they understand. "Only nine miles more!" they shout back cheerily. *Only nine miles!* He laughs grimly at the irony of it; but the dogged outward throw of his great arms and the rhythmical swirl of his legs go on as before. And the distance between him and that low-lying streak on the horizon lessens—inch by inch.

Eight miles, six miles, four miles. He has nearly won.

DONE!

And then it is that Despair begins to settle upon him. His limbs are frozen, his head is splitting with the never-ending buffets of the waves—and he knows that he is going back instead of forward. The current is stronger than he. He gives a weak call to his friends in the boat. "Boys, I'm done." And strong arms help him gently in.

* * * * * * *

"The Final Heat for the Heavy-weight Competition, gentlemen, contested by Harry Simmons and Tom Hardy," announces the M.C. "On my right—Simmons, and on my left—Hardy. Seconds out of the ring! Time!"

As the two shake hands lightly, and square up, Hardy's heart thumps heavily against his ribs. He has been given another chance.

UNAVAILING DOGGEDNESS.

Will he make the best of it this time? He has entered for this competition so many times before that he has lost count, and each time he has reached the Final—only to be beaten by a better man. Doggedly he sets his jaw, and his eyes search keenly for an opening. But so anxious is he to score that he neglects his own defence; and suddenly he realises that blows are raining on him. He is glad to hear the call of "Time!" and he reels slightly as he goes to his corner.

Now the men have come to the last round; and dully the weaker man hears a whisper from his opponent: "I'm sorry, but *I've got to hit you.*"

A crack—and he knows no more. The Stone of Sisyphus has rolled back again.

* * *

"They're off!" The hoarse roar goes up that is only heard on Epsom Downs when the starting-bell rings for the Derby. And underneath an immaculate frock-coat a heart beats wildly in the Grand Stand, as its owner's eyes are rivetted, through a pair of glasses, on the racing horses.

SISYPHUS IN THE GRAND STAND.

Negro King is well up! Will he win, and set the seal at last upon years and years of bitter disappointment? Shouts go up. They've only another quarter of a mile to go! "The favourite's beat! Negro King wins!" And the owner thrills with the pride of victory.

But, no! Negro King cannot last out. He drops back, and the favourite wins by a length. And in the Grand Stand a pair of race-glasses are put down with a sigh that tells the tale of Sisyphus over again.

GERALD WESTON.

PROTECTING THE PERIWINKLE.

It will be news, I daresay, to many readers that the periwinkle is protected by law.

At least, this is the case in the Southern Sea Fisheries District. Here the periwinkle may not be captured between May 1 and August 31, both days inclusive.

As a general rule, periwinkles may be taken by hand-picking only.

Within that part of the Southern Sea Fisheries District, however, which includes the "sea within three-quarters of a mile of high-water mark on the North Coast of the Isle of Wight between Foreland and the Needles," periwinkles may be taken when in season with a push net.

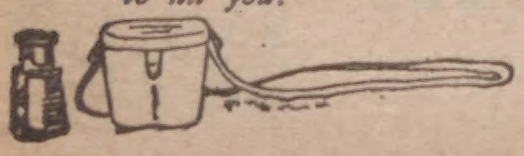
The dimensions of this net are strictly defined. Its wooden beam must not be more than thirty-six inches in length, and not less than one inch in thickness, but bevelled at the front edge to not less than half an inch, and with a mesh of not less than one inch from knot to knot measured when wet.

Alternatively, periwinkles may be taken with a rake, not exceeding twelve inches in length, and having spaces not less than five-eights of an inch between the teeth.

Taking periwinkles out of season, or by foul means renders the offender liable to a fine of £20.

The same law provides that any oyster taken from a bed which can pass through a ring of two inches must be returned.

Edible crabs measuring less than five inches across the broadest part of the back must also be given another chance to grow up.



WHAT MAKES A GOOD-LOOKING MAN?

THE IMPORTANCE OF EXPRESSION.

Handsome features are not always synonymous with good looks. They may entitle their owner to a prize at a beauty show, but they do not necessarily win the liking and respect of other men.

But a good appearance, that is quite another thing. To be well turned out, well groomed, well built, and to take one's place in things with confidence and without self-consciousness, to be acceptable and to be liked, demands that part of good looks not always associated with handsome features.

If one were asked to define a good-looking face, some ideal would be chosen—some particular cast of countenance, a straight nose, a well-cut mouth, a clear eye. Some recognised standard of masculine beauty would be called up as an example of a good-looking man.

But in the main it is expression that counts—it is the general intention of the mind which gets itself written in the face. It is not the face which looks at us from the shaving-glass, not the smiling expression which is reserved for special moments, but just the ordinary appearance which the world sees, and by which the world judges us as we judge others.

It is character-building which gives expression, and expression which constitutes good looks. And a sense of humour, that saving virtue which writes itself into an expression that lurks behind the eyes or hides in the corners of the mouth, has an indefinable charm and fascination, and redeems the most homely face from plainness.

It is expression which attracts or repels, and it is just what we have made or are making for ourselves.

The building of expression is interesting to watch—it begins with self-control—the happy variability of childhood gets more or less set in the school expression, when effort, aim and discipline combine. Still it is open, frank, and merry, but with something acquired, and the spirit of the school writes itself ineffaceably for good or evil in the individual.

It is generally after school-days that one's life's expression is made, when one has to face circumstances and to meet and deal with the big questions of life; and one of the safest and surest helps is that sense of humour which enables a man to see things and events, even the things and events which intimately concern himself, in their due proportion.

One marvels sometimes at the serene expression on the faces of men who are handling tremendous things, and making irrevocable decisions. They are not careless of the issue, but they have risen superior to mere indecision and worry, which would fret some men, and give them a troubled look.

Discontent and bad temper mar a good-looking face, but a sunny disposition is bound to reflect itself in expression and add to one's measure of good looks. Over-reserve, that stereotyped into superiority and remoteness and pride, often shown by nervousness and timidity, produces a bad impression and makes the face lack that charm and confidence which render a man attractive and likeable.

The expression of the man who makes his mark is generally one of serenity and reserve, but almost invariably with strong humanity behind it. It is the look of a man who finds this world crammed with interesting problems, beautiful things and absorbing people, and for which life is far too short and too busy to exhaust.

The face of such a man will have gained the good looks which are earned by struggle, and he will have moulded for himself that the most pleasing form and expression that raw material with which heredity happened to endow him.

A. M. Rusie.

AUTUMN FIRES

Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year!
—JOHN LOGAN.

The last few miles have dragged somewhat. There has been less inducement to linger by the way; to lean over gates and watch the gradual waning of daylight; to sit about on the hillsides and watch the dusk creeping up the slopes until only the tallest trees on the topmost hillocks catch a last faint russet glow before true sunset.

Truth to tell, the day has been a long one, and your legs are weary of tramping over ground that is never for a hundred paces at the same level. Up and down, down and up, you have been at it for the best part of five hours, with an hour or so of rest for the bread-and-cheese and beer that is now getting back its appetising flavour these happy days.

Some miles back you lifted up your eyes with something of weariness in them, and spied among the trees of the plain the church tower, that guided your steps.

Well within the shadow it was already casting, there was, you knew, a warmer atmosphere, a glowing fire, built up by a cunning hand, of logs and coal, gently heaped at the right moment to bring out all its warmth and all its brightness—two essentials to a cheerful fire.

THE LAST FEW MILES.

And now as you tramp these last miles you take little heed to the surroundings through which you pass. All day you have had your fill of the open and all that it means to your receptive senses.

A not unpleasant weariness is over you as you jog easily along. The darkness and chill of the air, in which mist now mingles everywhere, refreshes the face and head, and you almost long for a breeze to blow your hair about as you walk bareheaded. It would be the next best thing to a refreshing bath.

As you rise and fall with the irregularities of the country, you pass through belts of warmed and fragrant air, and then again the atmosphere turns suddenly chilly.

On a bicycle, these curious changes of evening temperature would strike you more particularly, for the sudden dive into a warm area and then the rush out of it, as from a warmed passage, into the mighty coolness, is an experience every cyclist enjoys.

AS DARKNESS FALLS.

By this time the trees have lost their form in the gathering darkness, you are down upon the road again, a little footsore, perhaps, from the rough going of the trackless downs and the rutty lanes.

But you can see now the glow from a large window. There is no steady light, for the hour is sacred to twilight and fire-glow, and quietude.

Letting the wicket-gate swing to behind you, the click of the catch seems to set the whole place agog with expectancy.

As you open the door and go inside, the warm comfort of it strikes you agreeably. It is equivalent, in its way, to a human welcome, as though it had been purposely prepared for a tired and hungry and almost drowsy wanderer, expected home from the hills.

It is not long before your traveller's clothes are cast aside and you come downstairs externally refreshed and renewed to the best hour of all the twenty-four, especially with autumn turning hurriedly to winter.

Down with delicious abandonment you drop into that soft and roomy chair that needs no cushions to make it a paradise of repose.

Out go your tired legs to their fullest extremity.

Another hand stirs the settling fire, and up shoots a tongue of flame with a great display of sparks, and the room is filled with a rosy glow.

The glint of the fire on silver and oak is soothing; and you catch sight of the softly-illuminated outline of your favourite pictures.

A ministering hand provides a cup of tea, handy at your side, within reach without any exertion or stretching, a polished dish is lifted from the fender and you eat, drink, and are happy.

You are very glad that no friend looks in on his way home from links or field, for you are in no mood to have to be sociable. So few friends can understand the other man's desire to be left alone.

SOLITUDE THAT IS SHARED.

Perhaps there is a "better half" to attend to your wants and to share with you that lazy hour before the fire.

And you are left alone. You two together, between whom there is no room for misunderstanding.

From a fragrant box, kept ever handy at this hour, you take a cigarette. She takes one too, and together you enjoy a smoke while you exchange the news of the day.

Time passes. A sudden clatter—the evening postman breaks the spell. The best hour is gone, and it is time to draw the blinds.

WALTER CRANMER.

DANGER SIGNALS.

When a horse puts his ears back, and shows the white of his eyes.

When you see a seedy-looking individual sidling up to you with a bit of blue paper in his hand.

When you don't want any breakfast.

When your wife comes up and kisses you with unusual warmth, and says you are the sweetest man in the world.

When a man rushes up to you in the street and exclaims, "You're just the chap I want to see!" Look out, or he'll bite your ear. This is generally very painful.

STREET FIGHTS.

However peaceable we may be, we are practically bound to get mixed up in a fight at some time or other, and it is most likely to happen in the street at a late hour of night.

In this connection we may give our readers a useful piece of advice, vouchsafed to the writer by a retired constable of long experience in hooligan-infested districts.

However, distasteful it may be to you, it is always wiser to get away even if your assailant be alone, for he probably has accomplices at no great distance who will come to his aid should he get the worst of it. Never hit him first, but if he squares up, hit him once as hard as you can, and then make tracks for safety. If you wait longer, you will only be giving time for his reinforcements to come up.

ACCIDENTAL FOULS.

CASES WHEN THE REFEREE GIVES A WRONG DECISION.

"Oh, well run, Smith! Shoot, man, shoot!"

The cry goes up simultaneously from the throat of each man in the small knot of spectators round the ropes, as an eel-like figure wriggles his way through a crowd of opponents and comes out with the ball at his toes.

The spectators make up for their slender numbers by their intense enthusiasm; and when Smith is seen to make his way well into the penalty area with a good chance of scoring, their excitement knows no bounds. But then something happens that chokes their shouts in a second. A back dashes forward to tackle; he puts his foot in front of the ball, but he does not quite succeed. The ground is slippery and he falls. And even as he does so the forward is seen to fall too. Then the referee's whistle blows. A foul.

It is not a foul. It is an accident which is very common in football, but which is in nine cases out of ten penalised with a penalty kick. The back—possibly one of the straightest players who ever kicked a ball, a man who would scorn an intentional foul—simply had the misfortune, in falling, to get his feet entangled with those of the forward.

The spectator—and, for that matter, the referee, very often—is not in a position to see everything—and both of them are, perhaps, too prone to look upon such happenings with a one-sided eye.

Boxing is another form of athletics where accident often looks like an intentional foul.

You are sparring with a man, and you suddenly see a chance to put in a hit at the body, just above the belt. Well and good. You lead out as hard as you can. But your opponent at the same moment thinks he has an opportunity of putting in a cross-counter on the side of your jaw. So he swings outward *and upward* at you. Thus, quite unintentionally on your part, your blow misses its mark and lands lower down, just below the belt. Then, to your indignation, the referee declares it a foul, and either gives the fight to your adversary or cautions you.

There are many cases in which erroneous decisions on "fouls" can be made by a referee in boxing, and one of the most common mistakes is that which is made over the delinquency known as the "back swing."

As most of us know, a hit with the back of the hand is regarded as a foul blow—and rightly; but in a hard bout it often happens that such a hit is delivered quite accidentally.

Suppose that your adversary leads at your face, and that you try a cross-counter at the head. You manage to elude his blow, but your own hit misses the mark and you stumble forward. He has, of course, slipped past you. In order to right yourself, you press on your foremost foot and jerk your body backwards, and, in so doing, the back of your right hand strikes your opponent's head. It cannot possibly be a hard blow, but it looks like a foul; and it takes a very experienced referee to tell the difference, so that, in most cases, a wrong decision will be given against you.

In cricket, men running between the wickets try, as far as possible, to avoid running over the pitch, and keep rather wide of it. And this sometimes leads to an appeal for obstructing the field. The ball is thrown up quickly, but the man for whom it is intended cannot get it because one of the batsmen is momentarily in the way. And though he has no intention of obstructing, a decision will sometimes be given against him.

It happens quite often that the fieldsman is obstructed because he was not in the right position himself.

HENRY STANDING.

STAYING at HOME

COUNTRY COMMENT ON THE TOWNSMAN'S TRAVEL MANIA.

Collectively the busy world, the town-dwelling world, boasts of its wonderful means of travelling, its rapid intercommunications, its cheap transit, its freedom from monotony, its trains, tubes, 'buses, cars, and even aeroplanes.

Most of us are given, at times, to riding the high horse about the supposed wonders of civilisation in cities. We like people to know that we are citizens of no mean city, and we speak, let us hope sincerely, of the pleasure and additional interest in life that these means of change provide and enable us to enjoy.

In the midst of our self-satisfaction we have forgotten that it is just as likely as otherwise that all the world does not think in this way. We have, indeed, forgotten the existence of that other world—the world that does not dwell in cities, and whose nearest approach to the gadabout existence we in cities lead is the weekly visit to the market town, and perhaps a yearly excursion to the nearest big city.

THE ENGLISH FARMER.

That there is another world was brought home to me very forcibly but a week or two ago, when I lived among the farmers and the countrymen of an English countryside.

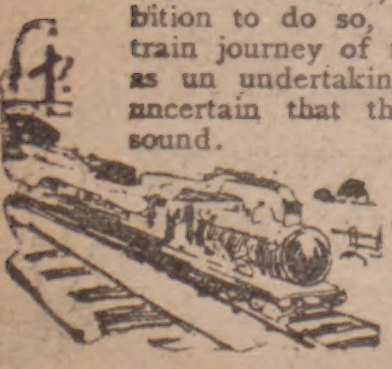
It was a matter of extreme surprise to my host to be told of the dashes to the Continent, the flying visits here and there, the ever-growing week-end habits that fill the time and exhaust the energy, and diminish the funds of that half of the world that seemed to find no pleasure that was not acquired through travel of some sort.

He was a hearty farmer, not yet of middle age, and, therefore, not by any means settling down in spirit and body to enjoy a comfortable and unexciting autumn of life.

CONTENT WITH A QUIET HOME LIFE.

He was, in his opinions of the travelling mania, typical of hundreds of his neighbours in the same county, while in the villages and among the poorer people there were many who, in their lives, had never stirred beyond the village.

What is more, they not only had no ambition to do so, but would have regarded a train journey of thirty-five miles to the coast as an undertaking from which it was quite uncertain that they would return safe and sound.



To sit in the sunshine at the door of their cottage, smoking the pipe of peace, and surrounded by the familiar sights and sounds of home, was as pleasant a holiday as they could wish for.

Yet none could deny that a very large measure of happiness, and an even larger measure of health, was the portion of each one of them.

We were leaning over the gate of a field from which the corn was being carried, and my companion ticked off, as it were, the life stories of half a dozen men busy, with uprolled sleeves and swarthy chests exposed, hoisting the sheaves on the growing waggon-load.

SIMPLE LIVES.

Of only one or two of them was he unable to tell me the life-story—a record of "short and simple annals," it is true—but stories of lives which, as I gathered from talk with the men themselves, had not been rendered miserable by the inability to rush away from home when one was blessed with twenty-four hours' freedom from duty.

One and all they would have rejected the chance of going into the town in exchange for the year-in-year-out existence passed between the little cottage and the farm.

Change to all of them seemed the one thing to be avoided; and change that meant a fiercer pace either in work or pleasure, as the worst prospect of all.

Less than a mile away was a railway where many times a day there passed trains often packed with crowds feverish for change.

BACK TO "CIVILISATION."

The contrast was puzzling. Sitting in a crowded train did not appeal to these countrymen as a sport worth paying for.

When once again I joined the train and entered the atmosphere of expectancy and unrest that pervades every railway carriage, I fell a-wondering which was the better life, which was best calculated to give a man the deeper satisfaction, a greater hold on things that really count.

But my philosophy was rudely interrupted. At a stopping-place men left the carriage and men entered it. A newspaper boy went past the door shrieking in his strange, monotonous voice, and in an instant my hand was in my pocket feeling for a penny for a paper.

Two minutes later I was deep in its pages and philosophy went by the board.

I am still uncertain which is the better sort of existence.

C. EASTON-GREY.

TELLING A STORY.

Has it ever struck you that a man's way of telling a story is often one of the most reliable criterions of his character?

In this connection, the "*risqué*" story is especially illustrative. The man who possesses that one great requirement in a story-teller, a sense of humour, and who is, withal, what we, rather loosely, are apt to call "a decent chap," tells the doubtful story humorously, so that we appreciate the point, but without insisting on the unpleasant side in such a degree as to displease us.

On the other hand, the dirty-minded man, who is by no means scarce, lingers lovingly over the "blue" setting, to the detriment of the "point," which is often obscured by his treatment of the story.

Such a man merely disgusts without amusing; and this, perhaps, because we realise him to be a man of feeble brain-power, warped ideas, and very little perception.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

VII.—THE "LIGHT FANTASTIC."

I never think of dancing without recalling a ball at Government House, Jamaica, in the days when Sir Henry Blake was the very popular Governor of that beautiful island.

In the course of the ball, I strolled forth into the grounds with a fair partner and we sat down under a spreading tree, round the trunk of which ran a sort of lattice-work seat.

I was about to snatch a half-promised kiss when a sudden pain shot through the part of my anatomy that I was sitting on.

I thought some insect must have stung me, and, smothering a curse, I returned to the whispering of soft nothings.

Just as the sweet lips were yielding to mine, again I was stabbed from behind. This time there was no mistake. Something was clawing me through the bars of the seat.

I rose hastily, there was a tearing and ripping sound, and there emerged from under the seat a tiger-cat about the size of a horse, and apparently in a very bad temper.

I forget exactly what happened, but I know the lady went into hysterics, there was a tremendous hullabaloo, and I went home in an overcoat.

Lady Blake, I may explain, was passionately fond of wild animals, and the tiger-cat, a misogynistic brute, who had no sympathy with love's young dream, was one of her pets.

Chi-chis were a great feature of Kingston bachelor life. A *chi-chi* is a native dance.

To find a *chi-chi* you walked about the streets until you heard the sound of music, and could see dancing going on inside the house. Then you went in, and being a white man were welcomed effusively by the lemon- to chocolate-coloured ladies, less enthusiastically by their dusky admirers.

Only once, however, do I remember any trouble. When we got into our buggy one of the party was missing. Presently he came running out, pursued by a crowd of half-breeds.

"Look out, you chaps," he shouted; "these beggars are after me with knives." He jumped in, and a man came up to the buggy, close behind me. It was pretty dark, and I let fly at a dimly-seen face, and it disappeared.

When the uproar had somewhat subsided, I found that I had assaulted a native policeman who had been hanging round for a drink and had come to our rescue. However, a dollar put him all right, and while the cause of the trouble had a flesh wound in his shoulder, it was not much more than a scratch.

Another rather lively recollection of the "light fantastic" is of going to a dance at a Rand mine. Our Cape Boy driver was drunk when we started, a fact we did not properly appreciate, until some miles out of Johannesburg he upset us in a ditch, and left us stranded.

We got to the dance when it was nearly over, and the ladies' programmes being full there was nothing for it but the buffet.

I don't know what particular kind of poison they gave us, but I do know that a little later we found ourselves in a strange house. There was nobody about, so we started playing hide and seek.

At the precise moment that I had caught one of the others behind a drawing-room curtain and had pulled the whole contraption down on us, the owner of the house returned, accompanied by a large party of ladies and gentlemen.

As I emerged from the curtain I recognised him as one of our hosts at the ball.

It was an embarrassing situation, but I suppose I got through it somehow, for I know we stayed there till next day and had a royal time of it.

C. G. BULKSLEY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S PRISONER

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

In the Yeomanry room of the Territorial club at Brermouth, Trooper Carteret, a military and rather damp figure, was spending an interesting five minutes coaxing the fire into a blaze. When it had responded to his encouragement in a generous flame-leaping fashion, he took off his cloak, hung it over a chair by the fire and sat back with some satisfaction.

There was a dripping dampness all over the gale-swept Brermouth. It had extended, he found, even to his tobacco, and after several ineffectual attempts to get the pipe of comfort going, he proceeded to bewail his fortune in bitter silence, pulling the while at his cold pipe.

It seemed a poor reward to a Yeoman who had braved the elements merely to act as the outward and visible sign of an inward and official demeanqur at what he was pleased to term, sporting-wise, the schooling of the stable's two-year-old's. The Stable was the establishment of "B" Squadron. The Owner was undoubtedly the Regiment's Royal Colonel-in-Chief, while Captain Devine filled the place of "head lad," and its smashers included Kernahan, Stephen, Hall. . . . The 19th Legion. . . .

Musing thus over the sodden evening paper that contained the results of certain races wherein his small investments had invidiously gone down, the misguided Trooper Carteret would fain have called on the steward for a drop of whisky "on the nod" had that official not been of the painfully new order.

For the old, recently-resigned steward, a nod would have sufficed, but this new man might have wanted to write it down on a slate and show it to Gibson, the secretary of the club, who might have waxed humorous over the Carteretian Paddock Final which, to the smile of Fame, never came off.

Carteret, who had the making of a brave man somewhere concealed about him, could see anything but sordid ridicule. A nervous young man over small things, by nature, he rose and sniffed and gloomily felt the approach of a lasting cold advancing up his spine—without so much as a hot whisky to make a determined attempt to beat off its attack.

Now, a man named Carlyle, he remembered, had written something about heroship. If only ——

The door opened and there entered perhaps a dozen drenched enthusiasts.

"What's the password?" said one, as he lively saluted the "veteran."

"Carlyle," said Carteret, absent-mindedly.

"Never been there," said the recruit. "Er will you honour us, Mr. Carteret?"

It was evident that free hot whiskies were on the board. Carteret tried hard not to show gratification, and to accept the offer with the grace of a superior—all for the honour of "B" Squadron.

"You see," the young man explained: "I've just got my uniform. It's the christening. Say a—hot whisky—Mr. Carteret?"

"Thank you," said the Trooper, negligently. "(Not *too* much lemon, Steward.) Success to you, Trooper—er—Croesus." Carteret was conscious that he was doing the thing in style. "May you prove worthy of your sword."

It was the usual formula. They sipped the very hot whisky in grave silence.

"My ghost! it *is* hot," said someone bringing the company down to earth again.

"Ugh! Which is just what it isn't out-side," said the duly initiated recruit, drawing a hair up by Carteret.

"Pooh!" said Carteret, veteran-wise. "How'd you like to be out on manœuvres in a little summer's air like this?"

"Think I should look for cover in a comfortable country pub."

"And get kicked out of the Squadron? My dear boy you don't read the ha'penny Press. That's clear enough. We aren't exactly hard though, in this regiment." Carteret's tone was proprietary to say the least of it. "Still, if we didn't sort of love one another like brothers—you know the sort of thing—we might come in for rough times now and then. Gosh! This is a little nothing to one night out round Beccleshall way—two camps ago. Nothing—I say, I wish you chaps 'ud get your chairs into order and make less blinkin' riot."

The recruits flushed and desisted.

"You blighters," observed the newly-baptised one, "ought to be keeping your ears open. Mr. Carteret is telling us something about manœuvres——"

"Don't you get such a swelled head, Cuthbert," said a perky youth. "We shall have *our* uniform next week."

"Be quiet there, you kids. You're worse than a dame's school at a singin' lesson." Trooper Carteret was warming under the generous influence of the concoction that steamed under his nose. "Wet and cold, you were saying, young man? Just *that* outside?" The wind moaned and soughed, softly at first, rising crescendo to an eerie shriek. "That? Well, just fancy, being as we were at Beccleshall, in the open in the driving storm. Then, fancy being in possession of decent cover and"—Carteret's face was slightly overcast as he spoke of this last thing—"admitting one of the 'enemy,' a man of a local Battalion, only to find that he intends to turn traitor to you. Yes. I remember Beccleshall more for that than for the storm and the gale—a lot more."

Trooper Carteret saw that he had a sympathetic audience, and he took a comprehensive swig at his hot whisky before proceeding.

"We were playing the game, I remember," he went on, "blinkin' seriously. They'd been saying things about the efficiency of the regiment. They could not see that a lot of men that were dressed smartly could *be* smart as well. That's just what the tax-payer doesn't see sometimes, to say nothing of the man in the street and his half cousin the man in the smoking-room, who knows, if possible, less.

"The Colonel, I believe, had a private wager on the whole thing that we should score all along the line wherever we came in contact with the cyclists, or the infantry. The artillery were not our game on that outing. There were on our side, of course, infantry and cyclists, but you will note that the Colonel's little wager (and our hopes) were pinned on the success of *our* operations against opposing cyclists or infantry.

"Having in your budding military minds absorbed that, you will perhaps understand the position, when I tell you that the first nightfall of the two days' manœuvres found us holding a strong position on the other side of the territory-dividing river that flows through Beccleshall—the beautiful (I *don't* think). For our base we had a lot of farm buildin's—all strategical assets, for the theoretical cover you could get from 'em was a thing that counted enormously.

"As old 'Cock o' the North' McBrady said, it was one of Lord Roberts's blockhouses to the very life, but bein' only sparsely guarded numerically, it would be just possible for a strong battalion of infantry to rush it—if they knew the way to dodge our outposts. There weren't more than ten or a dozen of us in possession, as you might say, and half that lot had to be on night guard for a spell while the other half slept. Also, there was relievin' our outposts who'd luckily struck on haystacks that were useful both strategically and as cover from the rain—should there be any.

"Should there be any! Bosh! There had been a bit of a watery yellow sunset, I remember, and then the north-east wind came up and beat the scudding clouds along—like a drive of gigantic partridges over woods. Think of it!

"We were out doin' a little prospectin' at the time. It was nine o'clock and hellish dark—hellish. You could hardly see your boko before your face, but night attacks were all in the rules and—well, for the sake of a damp skin and future rheumatism (which, however, I've been told is *the* devil) we weren't riskin' any surprises. Not us! We had had to wait for our little revenge, but we were going to do it thoroughly if we died in the bally attempt.

"Then—Woosh! Woosh! Down it comes all so beautiful. Like that—Woosh! Woosh! Cuttin' clear across all the heath-land in lines, long connectin' lines of whackin', drivin' rain. It was the usual old May day which the poets do not sing about. . . .

"Woosh! Wo-oo-sh! Like that. All across the plain. Imagine us! Drowned rats weren't to be named alongside of us for dampness, but a pal of mine—Kernahan—would persist in, what was to my mind, overdoin' the keenness.

"'Somehow,' he says, 'I believe that the enemy are about here somewhere. I can—scent 'em.'

"'Oh *your* nose is proof against rain,' says Stephen (another of my pals).

"'Stop still a minute and listen,' says Kernahan. You chaps can imagine us like walkin' waterlogged blankets on Beccleshall Heath driftin' about like heavy, wet ghosts to what we thought was no purpose (barrin' Kernahan's instinct in which we had aboundin' faith).

"We listened. All we could hear was the wind. But suddenly Kernahan slinks off to a big clump and a flash of lightnin' showed him, two miserable minutes later, clutchin' one of the locally-stationed Seventh Battalion of the Brermouth Infantry.

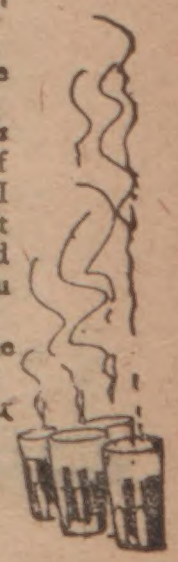
"He was like us—soddened to the bloomin' skin!

"He was protestin' pretty clearly, we could hear.

"'No, hang it, Kernahan,' he said. 'I'm not your prisoner. 'Fact, if there's any talk of capturin', you're as much my prisoner as I am yours.' (That's the funny part about sham fightin'! You often are. You'll find that out.) 'How am I to believe that you spotted me first?' he says.

"Kernahan laughs. 'I saw you first!' he said, skittish like.

"'But to tell you the truth,' said our



prisoner, 'I'm lookin' for somewhere to get dry—and Hell with the Territorial Army,' he says. 'Hell with 'em. I've lost *my* crew miles away, and if you've anything like a country pub with a fire close handy, pray conduct me to it—unofficially,' he says. 'And let's quick march it into the bargain!'

"'Lost your crew?' said Kernahan brightening. 'Well, on your own showin' they aren't anywhere hereabouts so I won't subject you to any further cross-examination. Thank God that means we can retire—and we're all drippin',' he says, 'drippin'.'

"'Take my word for it,' says Private Beltamy, Kernahan's prisoner, 'they aren't within ten good miles, I'll bet. I've been wanderin' around in circles since dark until I've got, practically speakin', lost.'

"We caught all this in gusts, but that's the gist of the conversation. They had to yell to make each other hear at all, and although we'd fallen into a sort of line beside this bleatin' Beltamy, our conversation had to be done in disconnected yells, that in the present silence that prevails here (except in the case of those fidgety little preparatory school [illegible] in the corner there, who will think it funny to spoil the mantelpiece by burnin' a red-hot poker on it—until Gibson lags 'em with the damages) would be deafenin.'

"Well, we took Beltamy back to our farm buildin's which, by application of palm oil in the right quarter, we'd converted into as cosy a little fit-up as you could want. The old farmer was a Toff with a very capital T, and his men were like him. There was a fire in the harness-room—and it was like bein' sort of home again.

"Private Beltamy was served out first with hot whisky—such lovely soul-warmin' stuff as I'm finishin' now. (No, no. In a minute.) Also they put him in a place where he couldn't feel even the draught from the door that looked out into the limitless dark. (Good.) Yes, not even as much draught as is whistlin' through those windows now. Kernahan, you see, was one who prized our reputation for Hospitality—that with a capital also. If there'd have been only one lot of whisky, he should have had it. Savvy? And we'd ha' sworn we'd just had ours before he came in, or somethin'."

"Sort of Salvation Army Self-Denialists?" said a chimney-corner man.

"Not quite—because we should have denied ourselves of somethin'. Well, anyway, that's how we treated Private Beltamy. Like a blinkin' Arch-Duke. He sat there until the rain stopped, and then he thought he'd go outside and get a breath of fresh air, he said.

"He went.

"Kernahan all this time, you must understand was keepin' quiet on some straw in the corner.

"But Beltamy hadn't been out of the room a second before he was up.

"'I thought so—the blighter!' he said quite soft and keen. 'I *thought* so!'"

A recruit in the corner put down his fascinating poker.

"Thought what, Mr. Carteret?" he said, suddenly.

"That's a question we just did not yell at him," said Trooper Carteret. "We'd learnt to savvy. We just sat and waited and said nothing."

Trooper Carteret bestowed a withering glance upon the interrupter.

"Presently," he went on, after a pause, "Kernahan came back leadin' this blinkin' Beltamy frog-march fashion.

"He sort of half chucks him into the middle of the room.

"'Private Beltamy—our guest,' he said, 'will now show to the company his method of repaying our hospitality. *Show* it, Beltamy!' he yells. Like *that*."

The room jumped.

"Beltamy showed. It was a little Roman candle flare thing of Messrs. Brock's manufacture that he sulkily produced from his pocket.

"'I caught him just in time to prevent him showing the enemy our exact position,' Kernahan said in his old quiet way.

"All this time the old farmer had looked on open-mouthed. In the momentary crawly sort of silence that fell, Kernahan's light question about the weather was a relief.

"The old farmer looked outside, connoisseur-like.

"'There'll be a storm,' he said 'in two minutes. This is only the calm afore it.'

"Gosh—and it *was* calm. Horrid, yet with a sort of appalling grandeur about the hush. (You can laugh, but that's how it felt then, chickabiddies.)

"Kernahan holds on to Beltamy and says nothin' whatever. Nobody seemed to want to speak. They were hangin' on what Kernahan should say.

"Then—flick comes the lightnin' and crash—crash—crash comes the thunder. Then—well, it began to rain some, rattling on our old roof like a million little devils.

"'Open the door!' says Kernahan suddenly.

"'I suppose,' he says, turnin' to Beltamy, 'I could have you kicked out of your regiment for this—if I set the facts of the case before the Colonel. Very likely, too, I could get the Seventh Battalion (that acceded to your despicable little plan)into rather hot water. Anyhow, whatever doubt there may be about those two things, there is none whatever that these chaps here would, on the word of command, give you the public weltin' you jolly well deserve. But, Mr. Beltamy,' says he, 'it behoves us, as representin' the K.O., to remember you are our guest. It strikes us, however, that now is the time that we must speed your departure. . . .'

"He picks up a stick.

"'Clear out—into the storm that we saved you from,' Kernahan blazes; 'clear out, before I lick you within an inch of your miserable life!'

"He stands back with the stick ready to strike. . . . But flash comes the lightnin' again, and it was Private Beltamy that we saw runnin' for dear life—slippin' and sludgin' through the sticky mud in the driving storm."

TAILING OFF.

On leaving a West-End music-hall it must have struck most people as a strange thing that the managers, while providing a "star" company for the middle of the evening, invariably "tail off" their programmes by weak and uninteresting turns, so spoiling any good impression made by the more clever artistes.

It seems, now, to be the rule for the last "star" to make his final bow to the audience at 10.40 or thereabouts, to be followed by a fifth-rate serio, or vocalist, or acrobatic turn, and finally an uninteresting bioscope film.

None of these turns are able to "hold" the audience—as they might have done earlier in the evening, and, consequently a stream of those who are unable to "sit it out" obstructs the views of those individuals who come determined to get the last pennyworth of their money.

On the other side, it must be anything but pleasant for a "weak" artiste to be compelled to perform while the audience is making its noisy exit.

The manager should provide a sketch as termination to his programme—or else ring down the curtain on the last "star" at 10.40. There is nothing more unpleasant than to leave a place of amusement with the unsatisfactory feeling that naturally follows fifteen minutes boredom.

ECHOES OF GREAT FIGHTS.

V.—FITZSIMMONS v. CORBETT.

The fight between Robert Fitzsimmons and James J. Corbett for the World's Championship, which was fought at Carson City, Nevada, soon after noon on March 17, 1897, was, in every way, a great battle.

An extraordinary man, Fitzsimmons—I mean from a ring sense. His legs are thin enough to justify the epithet of spindle-shanks, and he has a small, almost scraggy neck. His biceps are nothing remarkable, only twelve inches. But he has a tremendous reach, and perhaps the largest hands of any man ever seen in the ring.

Corbett is a good-looking man, and almost perfectly proportioned, his only physical flaw being a comparatively narrow chest. At 13st. 6lb. he is a full stone heavier than his opponent, and he is bigger everywhere except in the chest and wrists.

Bob is a son of the soil, an ex-blacksmith; Corbett an ex-bank clerk from San Francisco.

In a private box sits a woman, a woman of iron nerve, for she is going to see her husband, Fitzsimmons, get an awful pummelling and not turn away her head. On the contrary, it is her advice that to a great extent wins the day for her lord and master. Fitzsimmons, bull-terrier of the Ring, is well matched.

Corbett is smiling, debonair, and confident. Bob grim, silent, and restless, pacing up and down in his long dressing-gown. For an hour before the fight he had been sound asleep, his preparation for a big contest.

"Time!" Shake hands? Not a bit of it. There is bad blood between the men, especially on Corbett's side.

For the first five rounds it is all Corbett. He confines himself mainly to Bob's face. His blows are not ineffective, and one of them slits Bob's lip open, exposing his yellow fang-like teeth. But Bob can take a lot of punishment in his face.

In the fifth round, Mrs. Fitzsimmons gives her husband some good advice. She tells him not to bother about Jim's head, but to hit him "in the slats" (body).

It is good advice, and Corbett hearing it screamed from the box, ought to take warning, but doesn't. He continues to play Bob's game, exhausting himself in vain battering on that grim granite visage.

Bob is a sorry picture. He is covered in blood. Jim keeps landing on his lacerated mouth. It looks any odds on Corbett.

But Bob is firm on his lean legs. Mark, by the way, his curious attitude. He stands with his feet, not one behind the other, as is usual, but almost in line, but there is method in the pose. Fitzsimmons is a master of the shift. He can change his legs like lightning, and it is on the shift that he wins his battles. And so bruised, battered, apparently hopelessly beaten, he waits his opportunity. Corbett, though scarcely touched, is tiring.

It comes in the fourteenth round. For a fraction of a second he lowers his guard. Bob's right foot slithers forward. Up goes Corbett's arm to stop the right-hander that he expects. Bob's sunken eyes flicker. His foe has fallen into the carefully-baited trap. The Cornishman strikes, not with his right, but with his left. It is the famous shift, and Corbett's hour is at hand.

It is not an inspiring blow. Just a short six-inch jab, delivered with a stiff arm, but there is tremendous power behind it, and it seems to sink right into Corbett's stomach.

He goes grey and doubles up; as he topples forward, Fitz. smashes him with his right. Either blow would have probably put Corbett out; the combination is irresistible.

Corbett does not lose consciousness, but he is semi-paralysed. In vain he tries to rise, and the World's Championship slips away from him.

H. B. Eales.

SUNDAY GAMES

FOR AND AGAINST.

Sunday games—outdoor games, that is—are now played in private to an extent undreamt of by our forefathers. The "upper" and middle classes, as a whole, see no objection to even tennis, croquet, badminton, &c., within their own grounds on Sunday, and, of course, within reasonable limits they have a right to do as they like in their own "castles."

But public Sunday games are becoming something of a national institution, and that is a very different matter.

The obvious example is Sunday golf, and when you come to think of it there is really very little to be said in favour of it.

For the present, at least, we won't discuss the religious aspect of Sunday games, but confine ourselves to the material objections to them.

SEVEN WORKING DAYS A WEEK.

One great objection to Sunday amusements of any kind is that they tend to make a seven working days' week. Public entertainers have proved to their cost that Sunday concerts and the like mean in many cases that they have to do seven days' work for a six days' wage. Either they give their services free on Sunday or they are music-hall artistes appearing at a hall where Sunday performances are given, the Sunday work is included in their weekly contract, and they get nothing extra for it.

Now Sunday golf makes for a seven days' week. The steward and other club servants have to be on duty on Sunday, and I am not sure that they get more than at clubs where there is no Sunday play.

Some clubs do not allow caddies on Sunday, but many do, and while the caddie is paid for his work the system means seven days caddying for him. Sunday golf also means extra work for railway servants, hotel-keepers, and others.

SUNDAY GOLF NOT A NECESSITY.

If Sunday games are justifiable at all, it is when Sunday is the only day on which the playing them have a chance of recreation, and in the great majority of Sunday golfers have no such excuse.

Most of them are prosperous, middle-aged men who can well afford to take a day off during the week apart from Saturday. With them Sunday golf is a luxury, not a necessity.

Of course, the general public have their own Sunday games. Sunday football, for example, flourishes, despite the ban of the Football Association.

IT IS ONLY AVAILABLE DAY.

Unquestionably there is something to be said in favour of Sunday football. There are, we say, thousands of young men who get no chance of playing football on Saturday, for example, municipal employés, shop assistants, and certain other classes of workers. Even if, in most cases, they have their weekly half-holiday, by the time they get away and have had their dinners, it is often too late for a game.

Against the playing of football on Sunday by working men there is not much reasonably to be said. But the trouble is that Sunday football attracts spectators, and there is no need to emphasise the fact that we are already far too fond of looking on at games instead of playing them.

Apart from that, spectators sooner or later mean gate-money, and footballers would find themselves be the first to suffer if Sunday football were openly permitted as a paying spectacle.

Sunday football would soon become a serious rival to Saturday games, and in the end

the professional footballer would lose his day's rest, most probably without any compensating increase in wages.

There is a country parson, whose name slips my memory, who encourages his parishioners to play cricket on Sunday, and himself plays with them. But here, of course, no money is taken, and the players all play for love of the game.

In many cases, Sunday games do a man good, but in just as many instances they work harm—I am talking of physical benefit and the reverse.

THE REAL MEANING OF "REST."

A man who is cooped up in an office or shop all the week is certainly all the better for, say, a game of lawn tennis on Sunday. On the other hand, a man who is engaged in hard, manual labour through the week is not going to do himself any good by taking violent exercise on Sunday.

The Bible enjoins us to keep the Seventh Day as a day of rest, but I agree with a broad-minded parson friend of mine that the true interpretation of the Divine Law hangs on the meaning of the word "rest." To some men strenuous exercise on Sunday is truly restful, but to others rest should mean doing nothing at all except "laze."

CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS.

But in reading the Fourth Commandment for himself, a man must not forget to respect the prejudices and feelings of others. For example, if you live next door to a clergyman it would be very bad form to play Sunday games in your garden, and this objection applies equally to public Sunday games which undoubtedly hurt many devout people.

The objections to Sunday games may be summarised as follows: They tend to create a seven working days' week. Men playing them could well do without them. They destroy the rest of others.

Finally, it must be remembered that the British Empire was built by men who kept the Sabbath. A seven working days' week would mean the moral, mental, and physical ruin of the nation.

G. Whitechurch.

BARRACK-ROOM AUCTIONS.

When a soldier dies his effects are often put up to auction in the barrack-room to which he belonged. If he has been a popular man and has left anyone dependent on him, generous Tommy Atkins will willingly pay a fancy price for old shaving brushes, button-brasses, and the like. In this way a good sum is realised, and handed over to the deceased's dependent.

MAY I GIVE YOU A LITTLE—?

THE ETIQUETTE OF HELPING PEOPLE AT TABLE.

Where the host does his own carving he should try to strike a happy medium between giving too much and giving too little. Most men err in the former direction, overloading a guest's plate out of a mistaken sense of hospitality, with the result that if the guest is a person of fastidious appetite, the sight of the heaped up plate causes him to lose it altogether and he has to endure the misery of eating when he had much rather not.

Small fish are helped whole, but with large fish—like salmon, turbot, cod, etc.—the general rule is to run the fish-knife along either side of the back, and then to remove the fish in even, unbroken flakes.

Some people like beef well-done, others prefer it under-done, some people like fat, others abhor it, and it is polite and hospitable to ascertain this beforehand. Beef, whether roast or boiled, should always be carved thin, but mutton or lamb should be served in fairly substantial slices.

Ladies should always be given the "tit-bits" unasked: the breast and wing of a fowl or chicken, the thickest part of a fish, the "undercut" of beef, where there is any, the "eye" of roast veal, and the kidney of roast pork.

In the case of small birds like quail, snipe, woodcock, these are not carved, but passed round whole, one to each person. Larger birds, like grouse and partridge, may be served whole, or split in half.

With still bigger birds, like ptarmigan, black game, and so on, the general rule is to cut off the breast portion only, as the meat on their wings and legs is sure to be tough.

Vegetables may be handed round or served by one of the party.

In the case of a pie or a tart, don't forget to lift up the egg-cup, usually to be found inside, with the point of your knife, so as to liberate the juices that have been sucked up.

Cheese, of most varieties, should be cut into a number of small cubes, and these passed round placed on a small plate together with biscuits and little rolls of butter.

Bread for use during the meal should be cut in thick square, or nearly square, pieces, and placed by each guest's napkin or on his left-hand side.

Wine when passed round should be made to go in a circle following the direction of the sun, that is, from right to left.

If you have a lady for a partner you should be ready to help her to wine. If in so doing you have to move the decanter against the sun, then, before passing it on again, make it describe a small circle in the air, otherwise you may bring ill-luck upon the house.

It is permissible to help a lady to gravy, or to sugar or cream with her tea or coffee, but you must never, never help anyone to salt, unless you wish to bring disaster on him and on yourself.

Similarly, if it falls to your lot to pour out tea, you alone should handle the tea-pot. The milk and sugar should be put in the cup before pouring out the tea—you, of course, asking the person who is to have it whether he or she takes either or both.

People should generally be left to help themselves to fruit and small things like biscuits, sweets, and so on, but in the case of a large fruit like a melon or a pine-apple, you should cut it up for your guests.

As regards liquors, some men prefer to pour out the whisky, inviting you to "say when," others pass the decanter, and tell you to help yourself. The latter is, perhaps, the most satisfactory course.

Ladies, however, should not be invited to help themselves to wine or spirits.

E. H. Hill.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BILLY BECKER

By SIDNEY NORTH.

It must be admitted that, in our somewhat exclusive Kingshorton, we look on Billy Becker as something of an outsider, for his grandmother is profane enough to boast that she inherited her talent for music, which she has passed on to Billy by way of his mother, from a relation who lived in London and had never been to Kingshorton at all!

Billy Becker became a doubter from the earliest years of his inclusion in the choir. He used to doubt whether the faded cassocks would hold out to another Christmas and he would not hesitate to prophesy, in the ears even of the two churchwardens, that the surplices looked as though they would barely see Easter.

Billy Becker became a wheelwright at the finish, at the little shop hard by the Queen's Head Inn, and he would roll cartwheels down the hill in the same inconsequent, uncaring manner as he would himself roll over the opinions of Kingshorton, and, just like the wheel, you never knew what ground William was going to run over next. No sooner did he became an earner of his own living, and, therefore, a man in consequence if not in years, than we heard a lot of Billy.

On Saturdays when his seniors in the shop took him into the Queen's Head Inn, he used to doubt whether beer was good for him, and being a staunch teetotaller out of sheer contrariness he would have a bottle of lemonade, which costs a ha'penny more than the halves of four-ale that his companions drank.

All this time, Billy Becker had not deserted the choir. He would sit there and wince when the organist played a mere half-tone wrong and never as much as tried to sing out in the right key loudly to cover these little, pardonable mistakes. An "Amen" that (because our organist was getting old) happened to be pitched in a different register to the hymn-verse would worry him until he fell asleep worrying over it on the Sunday night. He advanced the theory that he doubted whether our organist knew what he was doing half his time, and he said this so loudly in the vestry (that reeks of old Prayer-books) that we were, for once, very thankful that our organist was stone deaf.

At his house, you see, he had a funny oblong thing on four legs. It looked more like a sideboard than anything else, but unless you happened to strike on one of the three rather stringy notes you would find that it was, as a matter of fact, a not badly preserved spinet.

It was from this that Billy Becker got his authority to criticise the organist. He lived at his grandmother's now and had resided there since his mother's talent for music had been buried with her in the place where the big and the small, the white and the yellowed, the new and the crumbling head-stones are.

It happened on one never-to-be-forgotten Saturday, however, that Billy Becker was foolish enough to disregard the advice of his grandmother and take all his savings with him to the three-mile distant market town of Darford.

He went forth that Saturday afternoon a light-hearted young man, whistling a gay stave or two in correct tune and time, just as he swung past the Queen's Head Inn. When the Youth of Kingshorton goes up to market on Saturday afternoons it jingles its savings. But Billy Becker would not do this lest his savings should not be in the same key as the "Camptown Races" that he was whistling.

We lost Billy Becker for some hours. He did not, in fact, come back until night, and when he did so I must admit that he frightened us.

We were sitting, drinking in the luxury which Saturday night always brings and basking in the favour of the landlord's Saturday night smile, when from outside, up the Darford road, came the sound of an awful wailing, a moaning, and a screeching. In the dead silence Farmer Hoffer's terrier turned his eyes to the ceiling and howled piteously in the manner he affects when he elects to frighten all old ladies with this well-known sign of a death.

Very supernatural it sounded, and it seemed to have a calming effect even on Worplesdon, who lives at the Lone Barn—a place which deserves its name very thoroughly indeed. The landlord thought Wild Thomas was out on his walks (and that is a tale I must tell you some day).

It was Worplesdon who finally had the courage to open the door and behold a Portent was silhouetted against the face of the low-hanging moon, a Portent with its arms swaying about in the wind, walking swiftly and dementedly. ⁂ And behold it was Billy Becker with nothing of his [illegible] left and a violin stuck under his chin!

That night signalled the Waterloo of B[illegible] Becker as a master of music. On the Mon[illegible] there came by post a book called a self[illegible] structor.

We accepted an invitation to inspec[illegible] Worplesdon sniffed at the black notes [illegible] ran up and down the little lines, and [illegible] organist murmured some wonderful th[illegible] about "arpeggios." This private vi[illegible] place in the sitting-room in the absence [illegible] Billy Becker's grandmother who was in [illegible] with a headache.

Then, pressed to do so, Billy obliged [illegible] his first self-taught scale, and if the orga[illegible] only knew it he had cause to congratu[illegible] himself upon his deafness.

The end of the week, I am told, saw [illegible] banished from the sitting-room to the [illegible] houses, and he played to a pig for hours [illegible] end until the good animal's objections [illegible] being summarily turned into pork [illegible] been entirely removed. Those disag[illegible] things called "the neighbours" took a h[illegible] next, and the Rector finally vetoed [illegible] William Becker, musician, altogether.

He was requested not to play within [illegible] clearly-marked bounds of the village [illegible] Kingshorton.

That is why, at night, when we p[illegible] the dark road that leads to Darford w[illegible] casionally hear wails from a little sheph[illegible] hut that is built on rising ground a mile [illegible] a half from anywhere.

It is said that Worplesden is almost [illegible] that once he heard something that very c[illegible] resembled a tune.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

Sharpening a Pencil: Cutting off al[illegible] all the wood, leaving a long piece of [illegible] like a hatpin, breaking this, and [illegible] "Bother!"

Playing Lawn Tennis: Three skip[illegible] the court, a hop into the air, a flouri[illegible] racket, missing the ball, a squeak, and [illegible] retirement for tea.

Dressing for the Theatre: (On s[illegible] thoughts, we have decided that it is be[illegible] to describe this.)

Crossing a Muddy Road: Admirable [illegible] pression (in more ways than one) of [illegible] Maud Allan in the "Spring Song."

Smoking a Cigarette: Lighting a [illegible] —two puffs—three coughs—a squeak: [illegible] I've singed my hair!" One more p[illegible] several coughs. Cigarette suddenly drop[illegible] into a finger-bowl. "Oh, what a pity! [illegible] was enjoying it *so* much!"

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.....

AN EDUCATOR OF YOUTH

A SKETCH.

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

Cissy Huddersfield has looked twenty-five this ten years now, and I am perfectly sure she has been charming nearly every minute of the time that she graced the smoking-room of the "Stag and Hounds."

We would, all of us, do anything for Cissy. We speak of her as an old friend. She is a good sort, I say, and if in the past (when such things interested us *blasé* old men of thirty) we *did* happen to imagine that kissing the barmaid was included in the twopence for the glass of bitter, well, Cissy always brushed the suspicion of powder from off us, told us we were silly boys, and cuffed us lightly for our pains.

To those of us who were single and foolish she clucked as a hen looks after her chicks. She knew to a precise minute when a soda would do us good and even saw that the boots was near at hand to fetch us thence. . . . She held up to the world the precept that good wholesome beer was the stuff to stick to. She went to the length of warning us against the special Scotch and told us awful stories about the older drinkers who were more than aware of the presence of their betters.

If she could have had her way, every Benedick who frequented the cosiest little smoke-room in Derbyshire would have been invidiously "chucked out" at 10 p.m., for she knew well enough the trouble that ensues when a man arrives home at the vague hour of eleven." How she knew, heaven only knows, for she had refused all offers of marriage from the dozens of young men of "good position and respectable parents" (we all know the sort) who had flung themselves at her feet at twenty-one, and mentally blessed her for refusing them when twenty-five brought them the right sort of husband.

Such, then, is Cissy in brief, and it is a good thing for the young men of England that, despite at one's mother, one's sisters, and one's wife against them, there are many "common barmaids" like her to-day.

Now I am not holding, at the moment, a brief for barmaids in general, and I want you to remember that all the foregoing was my estimate of that Cissy in particular, when, one early September morning I received something of a shock.

Upon this most memorable occasion I had entered the lounge for my morning Worthington, fully expecting to find Cissy—our wondrous, exceptional Cissy—doing her level best, it was evident, to capture the affections of the most youthful of youths imaginable.

His name, he was only too eager to announce to her, was "Harold," and he was *such* a youthful nineteen or so! He sat on a chair, straddle-legged, as one rides a horse, and in his eyes burned the light that is proper in the eyes of the young dog.

His check-shaped coat covered his undeveloped body so that either he had grown out of his trousers or he had refused to show the particle of thin calf that was apparent above his crushed strawberry fancy socks.

"Yes," he was saying, "and I'm sure I owe a champagne lunch to dear old George Jupp for what he said about you. 'When you go down to Derbyshire, Harold, old boy,' he said, 'don't miss Cissy at the "Stag and Hounds." She is Derbyshire's chief attraction.' That's what old George Jupp said."

Now, it seemed to me that George Jupp ought to have known very much better for, being in a big insurance office in London, he was able to afford the hire of a residence in Derbyshire at summer terms which are as high as they are in Derbyshire.

Fancy calling our Cissy an Attraction. . . . It occurs to me now, that she would not have resented it if he had referred to her as an Institution which is exactly what she was as far as we regular customers were concerned.

Cissy served me with my Worthington and took no notice of me whatever. Other "regulars" who entered were similarly treated. She usually discussed the ethics of something or other with us. But this morning we had to hold our council without Cissy "in the chair" to stop us coming to what the lady charged with using obscene language refers to as "words."

I remember that the political situation, a subject that Cissy ruthlessly barred in our parliament, was under discussion that morning. And we wrangled for some time. Yet, at the end of that time, Cissy—*our* Cissy—was still listening to the puerile, painfully transparent patter of that most obvious of boys.

As we left, in a general all-round huff with Cissy (to say nothing of each other), I distinctly caught the words:

"Very well. I'll meet you at the corner at half-past seven."

And those words were from Cissy—Cissy who would never be tempted, even when allowed the hotel-keeper's daughter for a chaperone, as much as to go to a theatre with any one of us. And here she was arranging to *meet* this verdant little—puppy—swanker!

Yes, that is what we called the youth with the crushed strawberry socks; thus did we designate that nauseating Harold who had been talking of "old George Jupp" and "the office," and "the boys" and adventures "up West."

I do not think that Pride allowed many of us to take our accustomed seats in the most comfortable little smoke-room in all Derbyshire that night.

But the next morning, thirst and a longing for the fleshpots of Egypt in the form of the excellent little eleven o'clock snacks displayed on the bar counter sent us into the smoke-room of the "Stag and Hounds" again.

Cissy was not her bright self—even if we would have allowed her to be. I think that everyone tried to show the pained surprise that they felt. The expressions they wore reminded one forcibly of the look that sits on an eminent churchwarden's face when he has caught the alleged most saintly of all the choir boys drawing caricatures of the vicar, over the Thirty-Nine Articles during the sermon. So far ahead of Harold were we, that we had reached the churchwarden stage of respectability, and we had forgotten that once we were Harolds, just as the churchwarden probably forgets that once he was a caricature-drawing choir-boy himself.

We looked at our delinquent and fell to wondering whether she would presently launch forth into a "winning poster" of some Sievier-ity, a class of anecdote that no one ever thought of as much as relating to her, much less hearing from her. But now—after "walking out" with that boy . . . Rumour said that she had been seen beyond the town with him, her arm round his shoulder. Which (a rival young lady in another hostelry had told us this, of course) made her look almost like his mother, and surely she was old enough to hold that venerated position. (Again you will recognise our source of information.)

We listened. We believed. Nothing could adequately describe the full impact of Cissy's fall in the estimation of the frequenters of the smoke-room of the "Stag and Hounds."

I wish you could realise the full tragedy of this thing. Never more could we speak to her confidingly of our little business ambitions, our sporting hopes, aye, even our love affairs! Never more . . . say it slowly and realise how fallen was this woman. . . . What caste she had lost by mere contact with this—"Harold." (If you could only imagine how we loathed the name!)

And not a word of excuse had she. Ah, we thought, perhaps it was as well that she let the incident go at its own valuation without making it worse by attempting to designate Harold as a young country cousin. Yet, somehow, even this procedure showed a lack of a due sense of shame.

We attempted not to care about it. We put down our money; we picked up our change; we said "Thank you, Miss," just as if she were that ordinary girl over the way who always set herself to fascinate us (in the interests of business).

For several days things went on like this—but in the meantime Harold had not put in an appearance. We wiped one bad mark off her slate for that she had had the sense to tell him to keep away when we, the regulars, were likely to be present.

And then Harold reappeared again—a different, subdued sort of Harold, wearing a pair of trousers that were not half-mast for anybody. Also he carried his coat and lugged a portmanteau.

"I came to say good-bye," he said quietly "Good-bye—and thank you."

Cissy smiled brightly.

"Good-bye, Kiddy," she said. "And—just remember, you know. Just remember . . ."

She watched him as he turned to go.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said to us, quite respectfully.

No one answered.

We all became deeply interested in our papers—and the door swung to behind him.

"You—*cads*!" said Cissy, in a white heat. "Cads, every one of you!" And, just as a fitting conclusion to all this wonderful week, she burst into tears before us all.

With one accord we left the room. Those tears beat us, and we didn't wish to appear unmanned. . . .

* * * * * * *

That evening Cissy was good enough to trust me with her confidence.

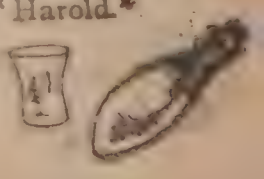
"Did you think that *I* wanted to hang on him and do him for—for presents like the—the other girls?" she said. "I saw his make. Decent little chap, but—on the first step to making a little fool of himself. I took him out. I'm old enough to be his mother. Why"—she laughed perkily. "I bought him some chocolates. There! Yes I did. But"—she was all seriousness again and I saw that she had a photograph in her hand. "Look! He reminded me so of *him*.

"When *he* married me"—Cissy shrugged her shoulders—"he was just such another. *He*—" again that charming little piece of Gallic expression—"went. A long time ago . . . I say (another surprise for you) our son has left the boarding school I've worked hard to keep him at this ten years. Just left and gone into a situation in London. Yes, London!"

The eyes of this wondrous Cissy filled.

"I hope," she said, "that when he becomes the young 'dog'—as he must do because he's a man (and it's bred in him too)—I say, when that time comes may he find——"

She never finished that sentence, but I knew that, in that Act of the Play of Life, she prayed that there would be some common barmaid adequately to play "Cissy" to her son's "Harold."



The Fascination of Pier Fishing

STRANGE CREATURES AT BOTH ENDS OF THE LINE.

Two weeks ago I sneered at pier fishing as fit only for dotards and small boys in their first pair of breeches; now I am its slave.

Anyway, I spent from 2.30 p.m. to 7 p.m. yesterday fishing from the end of the pier, never caught a darned thing, except my trousers, and nevertheless enjoyed myself down to the ground.

Wherein lies the fascination of pier fishing? Well, to begin with, it is so restful.

As a golfer, I used to think that there was nothing like golf for taking you out of yourself, and making you forget worries and anxieties, but since I chucked a line into the sea, I have come to the conclusion that pier fishing is a far more effective anodyne than golf.

CHANCES FOR THE BEGINNER.

Duns and disappointments will obtrude even on the putting green, but when you are sea-fishing I defy you to think of anything but the end of your line, albeit you may be getting nary a nibble. I don't pretend that pier fishing is a great sport, but the very fact that even though you be a beginner you may get a good basket is not without its charms. After all, the finer sport of fly-fishing is something of a toil and penance to the beginner.

To a weary man pier fishing is both a tonic and a sedative. The sea air bucks you up, while in the way of keeping your line clear, striking, and baiting your hooks you have enough to occupy your mind, without exhausting it by the extreme concentration required when making delicate approach shots or putts at golf or trying to lure the trout with the dry fly.

GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY.

Then there is the pleasing uncertainty as to what you may pull up. I daresay experienced sea-anglers can tell from the manner of the bite what sort of fish will come wriggling to the surface, but such prescience is still denied me. I never know whether it is going to be a fighting mackerel, a placid silver whiting, a still more placid dab, a sinuous eel (bring that lead "pounder" quick), a green-backed bass, a bait-stealing crab, or a misbegotten "stringer."

I don't know the scientific name for this evil little fish, but on the South Coast they call him a "stringer." He is about three inches long, light brown in colour, and has a flat frog-like head. He looks harmless enough, but catch hold of him to unhook and he immediately runs sharp, poisonous spikes into you. The only thing to do with a stringer is to crush his head under your heel, keeping it there while you extract the hook.

Pier-fishing makes you acquainted not only with the strange things of the sea, but with weird land creatures—as, for example, rag-worms.

ON BAIT.

A rag-worm is rather like a large centipede, only worse. Cut him in ten bits, and each bit will continue to writhe and wriggle for a long time. To bait him is rather like trying to bait a hook with quicksilver. Also he bites. Rag-worm is good bait, but I prefer the quieter lug or lob-worm. You can do anything with him and he does not run away.

The local bait merchant has promised to secure me some razor-fish to-morrow, and tells me that if anything will catch fish these will.

Old pier stagers here tell me that there is nothing like fishing for fish with fish, that is, if you want to catch mackerel bait with small pieces of mackerel, keeping the skin on, for whiting use whiting, and so on.

Personally, I don't think it matters very much what you use so long as the fish are on the feed. There are times when I am sure they would take bits of old boots, but the trouble is to find those propitious moments.

DISPROVING THE VETERAN'S THEORIES.

Old hands will tell you that the early morning and early evening are the best times, but I have risen at 5 a.m. and fished till eight or so without getting a bite, and have had the same experience in the evening.

Other "professors" go by the state of the tide, and swear by an hour before full tide, and two hours or so after it, but I have conclusively proved that fish often will not bite during these hours and will bite out of them.

To a beginner, the upsetting of a veteran's theories is certainly part of the fascination of pier fishing.

The "lower deck" of a pier is not a bad place for studying one's fellow man.

There is the Cockney sportsman who comes fishing in riding breeches and leggings and a fearful and wonderful shooting jacket. He usually has a yard or two of high-voiced muslin hanging on his arm, and his explanations of why he doesn't catch anything are interesting.

There is the good-natured, fingers-all-thumbs duffer, who gets his line in a wondrous tangle, and when at last he does throw it out invariably fouls somebody else's.

SOME TYPES ON THE LOWER DECK.

Then there is the serious brigade, mostly elderly men in broadcloth and hard, square hats. They go about their fishing with an awe-inspiring solemnity. They take life and fishing very, very seriously. One of them nearly had a fit the other day because while baiting my "brass bottom" I stood on the coils of my line, and he reproved me as if I were an erring son.

Listen to the excitable man who announces a capture at the top of his voice, and goes round showing it to everybody.

There are the "dour," non-committal men, who never answer a question directly and prefer to preserve a massive silence.

And, of course, the ubiquitous feminine is there, ranging from the genuine sportswoman in workmanlike jersey and short skirt to the giggling, high-heeled frivoller who shrieks over the cruelty of baiting the worm, but won't mind eating the catch.

There are small boys galore who miraculously escape a watery death every few minutes, and, not infrequently, catch more than the deadly-earnest brigade.

It may be said that there is much better sport to be got from a boat than from a pier. Well, that's as may be. No doubt you catch more, but, personally, I am sure that I landed about half a hundredweight of I should get a sickener of the game. One the charms of pier-fishing to me is that are not likely to catch too much.

In a boat, I understand, you chuck line overboard, and at once haul it up one or more fish attached, but on the except now and again, it is an uncertain Besides, a boat comes expensive, but can fish all day from the pier for an penditure of a few pence.

BEWARE OF THE "FANCY" SHOP.

By the way, don't buy a ready-made with paternoster, hooks, and everything tached. Buy the line and fittings sepa and have them made up. My outfit, consists of thirty yards of well-tarred "brass bottom" for three hooks, lead and half a dozen spare hooks, cost me 2s Complete lines at a bob are no good. buy your line at fancy shops. In of a regular tackle maker, an is generally the best man to go to.

Of course, it is rather cheeky for a to start giving advice, but it was the bait-seller who put me up to this tip, am sure it is a good one.

As I said at the outset, I used to pier-fishing, but, believe me, it is a pastime, and a grand restorer of and jangled nerves.

F. WARR

GALLERY SHOOTING.

Probably most of our readers—e more serious rifle-shots among them—are and then prone to patronise a shooting-ga

An irritatingly difficult gallery shot ball that is kept continually in the air miniature fountain of water. It is the gall keeper's chief source of income, for ever has a shot at it, and hardly anyone

The great thing to remember, we stand, is to wait until the ball has reach highest point, and then fire a little bel

The greatest amount of fun at a gallery is obtained by shooting at pipes. There is an essentially human of satisfaction at the sight of the clay shooting out in all directions as the of your shot; and the gradual len of the proprietor's face, as you smash stock, becomes so comical that you longer than you originally intended.

THE AMATEUR CARNIVAL.

A more or less novel and decidedly pleasant feature of the modern programme from time to time is the Amateur Carnival." Anybody and is invited to enter for a competition the prizes range from about £5 and a engagement for a term of weeks, to lings or so.

The competition is then widely described in some such terms as "The ing Hit of the Year"; and thousands ple roll up to revel in the acute suffe stage-struck amateurs. Not only is th of thing lowering to the tone of hall, but it has a darker, almost

Many of the competitors are state of destitution, who enter the sort of forlorn hope of making a

At one of these "carnivals" the writer recently saw a shabbily dress headed old man totter down to the and quaver out a ballad of about ago. The poor old fellow was led the first few words, while a thoughtles ence rocked with laughter. The tained afterwards that the old clerk, who had just been discharge old after a lifetime's service.

THE FADING ELM.

COLD WAITING TO BE SCATTERED BY THE GALE.

W-ndering through the open fields looking, in a hope that I should be entirely disappointed, for the first signs of the real turn of the leaf. I found it high up above the hedges, towering above them in the rounded and soft leaves of the billowy elm leaves.

In every hedge and almost every wood stand innumerable elms; so many and so obvious as to make us think the tree was familiar with the first of all trees and flowers that showed themselves above the surface when Mother Earth began to settle down and making herself agreeable to mankind.

And yet, they say, two thousand years ago there was no elm in all our England, though England without elms would scarcely, nowadays, be recognisable.

Is the only perfect remainder of the days when Romans drove straight roads across the land, and set up temples, towns, and villas that are now buried under ploughland, or grassed over by deep turf.

To-day the elm is English, and gives, perhaps, most character to the English country-side.

As beautiful in leaf and in skeleton—when more beautiful would be hard to say; for its billowy leafiness has a warm and kindly sense of homeliness and shelter, combined with infinite gracefulness, surely its leaf-pattern, seen against a yellowing sunset sky, has tracery more wonderful than anything the hand of man ever fashioned.

But leaving these aspects of the elm aside, the tree just now has treble interest for the watcher in the open.

In its massed green, the coming, the progressive changes from summer to autumn are most distinctly and most beautifully expressed. And of them, the first true and unmasked signs of the passing of summer are always apparent.

While the hedges, perhaps imperceptibly later than a month ago, are still dense with leaf, the high tops of the elms begin to feel the nip in the air and to turn from their summer greenness to the colour of decay.

On the bright and brisk days with fresh wind the field footpaths are already slightly littered with the first fallen leaves. They have fallen before their time for they are not brown, but green.

But when the still days of mist and sharp sun, and ineffectual sunshine come between the tougher days, the elm stands up in all its glory.

Here and there in the clustered group that borders the deserted stubble, there are single branches that have given in to autumn. Amid the dull green of the still living leaves patches stand out, at first in faintest, yellow-green.

In a day or two, the green has gone and a golden bough splashes its colour across the scene.

Morning after morning the gold spreads—the yellow gold that might be ripening fruit and soon the tree is brilliant in decay.

One night we are disturbed just before midnight by a great commotion at the window. The curtains are whisking out into the room, and the end of the up-rolled blind flaps incessantly. The old casement gives a rattle now and then.

And we know the autumn gale has come at last to strip the waiting elm of all its gold.

Out into the fields we go to see the flying clouds crossing deep vaults of deep blue distance is streaked with scudding leaves.

The elms are stripped, and stand swaying and shivering, and the fields to leeward are strewn with the gold that yesterday hung priceless in the misty autumn sunlight.

JOHN HARRIGAN.

A PROBLEM THAT HAS TO BE FACED EVERY AUTUMN.

Even in these years when the seasons seem to be changing places, October usually sees the very last of the summer games, and most of us have set them aside even earlier for football, hockey, and the various winter sports.

Cricket bats, pads, gloves, and so on, tennis rackets and many other implements of summer sport have to be put away for the winter, and often it depends on the method in which this is done whether they will be of any use at all next year.

In the first place, it is hardly necessary to point out that everything must be kept in a dry place, but not necessarily in a warm one. To keep a tennis racket, for instance, or boxwood croquet mallets near a fireplace or a wall containing a heated flue may lead to the warping or cracking of the wood.

The tennis racket should first of all have its strings painted over with a solution sold for the purpose by most sports outfitters, and should then be screwed up tightly in a press.

This should be hung on a wall or in a cupboard. A racket should never be laid on its side or stood on end when not in use.

Tennis balls should be kept in the box and in a warm and dry place, but it is impossible to keep them in first-class condition until next season.

Cricket tackle needs carefully storing away. The bat must be well oiled with linseed oil and should be put in a loose bag of stout paper.

Pads should be put away with lumps of naphthaline or camphor, or, failing this, wrapped in sheets of newspaper, for moths are especially partial to them. They should be laid flat, as if they are carelessly put away they are liable to get cracked or to lose their shape.

The storing of a rifle for any length of time is a most important matter, for if once the rust gets a hold it is very difficult to eradicate.

The whole of the outside of the rifle must be thoroughly oiled, to keep the metal and wood in condition, and do not forget to oil the underneath part of the back-sight and to remove the hand-guard and oil underneath it.

To keep the inside of the barrel in condition it must be wiped out with an oily rag, which does not fit tightly into the bore, before being put away in its case.

A method adopted by many marksmen before putting their rifles away for the winter is to put a cork in the muzzle, fill the barrel with oil, and stand or hang the rifle up with the butt end uppermost.

An excellent plan adopted by many is to have a large wooden box made, as nearly airtight as possible, in which to store their summer sporting tackle in winter and their winter sporting tackle in summer, together with the clothes that are not being worn at the time. The latter may be packed in a removable tray at the top, so as to keep them clear of the oil on cricket bats or other implements.

R. BANKS.

FOOTBALL CUNNING.

SOME DODGES THAT ARE USEFUL IN AN EMERGENCY.

From the kick-off to the final sound of the whistle, every player *lives*. He uses, with all the vigour at his command, his muscles and his brains—especially the latter, for the footballer who depends entirely on brute strength is seldom much good.

Have you ever heard a stentorian roar of laughter go up from the spectators during a big match? You have. Well, it is long odds that they were laughing at the cuteness with which one of their pets had hoodwinked his opponents.

The writer well remembers such a case, that occurred some years ago in the course of a match on the Bradford City ground. The visitors had been kicking rather hard over the line, so that the home side had been doing a lot of "throwing in." The home right half-back was a small man, and rather easily hustled by his opponents, so that he had difficulty in disposing of the ball to advantage.

At last he was seen to be making covert signals to one of his own side, as though he were going to throw the leather to him. And observing this, the opposing side began to mark that man with enthusiasm. So that the right-half was enabled to send the ball easily to another man, further off, who was not being marked at all. A simple dodge, no doubt, but in this case it was so well "acted" that the enemy were completely deceived.

Football captains will need no description of a distressing feeling experienced when the backs seem to be helpless against the opposing forwards. But when this does happen, why not try the "three back" game?

For this expedient there is much to be said. Three backs are very difficult to get through. But if you are wise you will not shift one of the forwards to the back line, as some captains have been known to do, but rather make an emergency back of the strongest half-back, and put a forward into the half-back line.

On the other hand, opinion is practically unanimous in first-class football circles that the "one-back game" is a delusion and a snare. One back cannot cope with combined passing. Of course, the argument in favour of the single back is that the opposite forwards are likely to get off-side so often; but this difficulty is easily met by means of long passing, the receiving man taking good care to be behind the passer at the moment the ball is kicked.

Here, by the way, is a dodge that forwards—or, for that matter, any other member of a team—should not forget.

It is not good policy to pass straight to your man—that is to say, to the spot where he is at the moment of your kick. If you do, he will have to stand still and wait for the ball, or, if he has moved, to go back. As C. B. Fry puts it, "Pass to where the man will be, and not to where he is."

A vexed question for backs is "where should they kick to?" A good rule of thumb is that near their own goal they should kick out to the wings, but in mid-field or in the opponents' half, they should endeavour to "feed" their centre and inside forwards.

Finally, a word about the goalkeeper kicking out, when the ball has been sent over his goal-line by the other side. If he kicks the ball himself every time, the enemy are apt to get used to his favourite distance and height. So that it is a good plan to vary the performance by passing to one of the backs. But never do this when the opposing forwards are close up.

E. NEWSAM.

INDIAN POOL.

A PLEASING CHANGE FROM ORDINARY POOL AND SNOOKER.

The game is played on an ordinary billiard table by two or more players, and the usual length of a game is 200 points.

Five balls are used, spotted as follows:

Yellow on the right-hand baulk spot.

Green on the left-hand baulk spot.

Brown on the middle spot of the table.

Blue on the billiard spot or top spot of the table.

Yellow counts 3, green 5, brown 7, and blue 9 points. The fifth ball, the white, is the cue ball.

The order of play having been determined by stringing or tossing, the first player plays at blue from baulk. Afterwards white is played with from wherever it lies, unless it has been forced off the table or pocketed, when the player plays from baulk.

Save for the opening shot at blue, a player may play at any ball he likes, except when he is in hand, in which case he can only play at balls out of baulk.

As regards winning hazards, the coloured balls must be potted in certain pockets. Yellow and green may be put into either of the baulk pockets, brown into either of the middle pockets, and blue into either of the top pockets.

Provided a ball is put into one of its proper pockets, the player scores its value, but if it goes into any other pocket he loses as many points as it is worth. These points are not deducted from his score, but added to his opponent's total.

Similarly with losing hazards. A losing hazard can only be scored off yellow or green into the bottom pockets, off brown into the middle, and off blue into the top.

If a loser be made into a wrong pocket, the value of the ball played on is lost.

A cannon is made by the white ball hitting two or more coloured balls, and counts 2 points.

A player may pot a ball by cannoning on to it or by knocking it in by means of another coloured ball, and the score is good provided the ball goes into one of its proper pockets. If it goes into a wrong pocket he loses its value.

Thus the player may play on blue, cannon on to brown, and pot it in a middle pocket, scoring 9 points—7 for potting brown, 2 for the cannon.

Suppose, however, that brown goes into a wrong pocket, then the player loses 7 points to his opponent, or each of his opponents, and he does not count the cannon, for no score can be made from a stroke on which a penalty is incurred.

Suppose he first hits yellow, then brown, and finally runs in off blue. What happens?

If the player's ball goes into either of the bottom pockets, he is all right, and may score a losing hazard—3 points—off yellow, plus 2 for the cannon.

But if his ball goes into any other pocket he scores nothing and loses 3 points.

It is the ball first struck that counts in such cases. If two coloured balls are simultaneously struck, then the player counts as having struck the one of lowest value first.

Only three consecutive winning hazards are allowed from the middle or billiard spots. If three are made, the ball is spotted on the pyramid spot.

The penalty for a miss or forcing the white off the table is 3 points. If a coloured ball is forced off, its value is forfeited.

If a player goes into a pocket without hitting a ball, he loses the value of that pocket—*i.e.*, top pockets 9, middle 7, left-hand baulk pocket 5, right-hand baulk pocket 3 points.

GERALD WESTON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A "MODERN MAN" RESIDENTIAL CLUB FOR LONDON.

On very many occasions I have received letters from readers suggesting that a great residential club, run under the auspices of this paper, should be formed in London.

It has been pointed out that such a club, conducted in the right way, would greatly improve the lot of those London readers who are at present living in lodgings, and it would also be a most convenient stopping-place for those provincial readers who pay occasional visits to the metropolis.

I had thought of the idea long before any of my correspondents suggested it to me, but in a matter like this one has to move slowly.

In the first place, it would be impossible for me personally to superintend the management of such a club. I could, of course, organise the thing and install a paid manager, but this would be reducing matters to a money-making basis, and in the formation of the various MODERN MAN clubs which are now springing up, I believe in leaving the finance entirely to those most intimately concerned.

THE MAN I WANTED.

My difficulty has been to discover someone who would devote the necessary time and energy to the organisation of such a club, and whom I could trust to run it on lines that would be in every way creditable to the paper. Such a man I have at last found in the person of Mr. C. Johnston-Mundy.

Mr. Johnston-Mundy and I have discussed the matter very fully, and I am convinced that the project will be carried through successfully.

He is just the sort of man to make the idea a success; he is about my own age, an old member of a well-known London Yeomanry regiment, a thorough sportsman and a typical Englishman, and I have no hesitation in placing the credit and good name of the paper in his hands.

Naturally such a scheme as this, demanding as it does an exceptional aptitude for organisation, requires a sound business man at the head of it.

Mr. Johnston-Mundy is one of a syndicate who own four of the largest skating rinks in the London district and several cinematograph theatres. He has had control of them for some time, and all of them are earning large profits. He is, therefore, in my opinion, in every way fitted to organise such a club as I have mentioned, and to make it successful. The enterprise is not, however, to be a private or a money-making one. A meeting will be called, and all rules will be formed entirely according to the desires of those participating in the scheme. Any profit which may be made in the running of the club will be divided among its members.

Mr. Johnston-Mundy is young, enthusiastic, and capable. He has felt, as I have done, the great need for such a club, and he is willing to devote his time, energy, and commercial knowledge to the furtherance of the project, because he has, like many another, felt how much more pleasant London life would be if such a club existed. He is not on this occasion out for profit. He simply offers his organising and business experience to those readers who may care to join him in the scheme.

LIVING IN LUXURY.

Already negotiations are in progress for the leasing of a grand old mansion in the Crystal Palace district to house the club. There are six and a half acres of grounds, admirably suited for all outdoor sports. The mansion itself is capable of accommodating one hundred members. There are frequent and trains, which reach the City in less twenty minutes, from a station which is than ten minutes' walk from the house, second-class season ticket costs only a day.

The opportunities for social and enjoyment are endless, both in summer winter.

The club would have its own football cricket grounds, gymnasium, billiard-smoking-room, and so forth, and it is that a few good hacks could be kept the use of members who are keen

The whole scheme is, of course, one, and the provisions for the club be bought wholesale, and special terms readily be made in the matter of laundry other expenses.

The scheme, in regard to finance, is backed up by several wealthy and influ sportsmen.

As to the contribution which each of the club would have to make, it is not pected that he would be required to pay than fifteen shillings or seventeen week for board and residence, with club comforts, and it is very certain he would be much more comfortable lodgings. This figure, however, siderably reduced if the response enough.

I think it is difficult to conceive more attractive to the man who is at living in lodgings. Instead of being loose end every evening, and having to do, he would as a member of such find himself surrounded with the most genial society imaginable, and able in any sports or games that might appeal him.

KEEPING THINGS RIGHT.

I may say that I have stipulated that the committee, which is elected by members themselves, shall have absolute jurisdiction as to those who are admitted to membership of the club.

That is to say, they can keep a man out joining, or put him out of the club, assigning any reason whatsoever. And in this way only, it is possible to ensure that all the members of the club shall be thoroughly good chaps, clubbable, and agreeable to their fellow-members.

For my own part, I am taking the keenest personal interest in the formation of the club. I am not financing it, and neither is anyone else will make profit out of it. The members themselves. My interest is due to the fact that I have long had keenest sympathy for the lonely young man who is in lodgings, and to whom life is not a very pleasant thing.

The club will be run on clean, straight honest lines. The fact that I am giving it my support is, I trust, sufficient guarantee of that.

THE FORTHCOMING MEETING.

As to the details of the scheme, everything will, of course, depend on the decision of the majority at the first meeting. Perhaps members may desire some other locality than the Crystal Palace district, although that is one of the healthiest in the vicinity of London. All matters will be put to the vote, and the decision will rest entirely with those interested in the scheme.

I ask all London readers who would like to attend the meeting to write to me, and mark their envelopes "Club" in the top left-hand corner.

If the response is sufficiently enthusiastic

feel sure it will be, I shall call a meeting we can talk the matter over together.

should like to impress upon those who are in the scheme the fact that they not be taking a step in the dark. At the ing we shall be able to decide definitely am to be paid weekly by each of those reside at the club, and beyond the payment of that sum there will be no ility or obligation whatsoever. Moreover, one who changes his mind and wants to his membership will be enabled to so on giving short notice of his intention. want my London, readers to understand it is entirely on their behalf that I am wing my weight into the project. In a ce like this someone must take the lead, I am giving my services in that direction the keenest pleasure.

club will be run exactly as its members e to be run, and they alone shall dic- conditions. One thing, however, I e to, and that is that the club is con- in a way that shall be a credit to this er and to myself.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

HOW TO AIM AT BIRDS.

There is no time when you have to make up mind quicker than when a covey of birds rockets up ahead of you. In an your gun must be at your shoulder, you must aim and fire like a flash of ing.

But what are you to aim at? Some men aim bird's head—a mistake—and others even tail—obviously an even greater one. most cases, the right spot to aim at is t a little in front of the bird in the tion in which he is flying. Then you are y sure to pot him somewhere.

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING CATALOGUES.

To most men an illustrated sporting cata- is a thing of absorbing interest. We , therefore, arranged with the following to send their catalogues free of cost, carriage paid, to any reader who applies them, provided that when he applies he tions that he is a reader of this paper. A ard will be sufficient.

hose firms which publish several cata- will send you the one you select, or all em, according to your wish, and entirely of charge.

Messrs. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, send the following illustrated catalogues: ts and Games," "Guns and Rifles," elling Equipment," "Kites and Model ," "Bee-keeping," "Practical Work- Models," "Magic," "Gardening," "Gamage's Zoo," giving lowest for all kinds of pets, "Caravanning," ng," "Tools," "Scouting," "Came- Everything for the Motorist."

Messrs. Ayres, 111, Aldersgate Street, Lon- E.C., will send their "Outdoor List" Indoor List." Both of these cata- are very interesting.

Messrs. John Piggott, Ltd., 117, Cheap- London, E.C., offer their "General ng Catalogue."

Messrs. Slazenger and Sons, Laurence ey Hill, London, E.C., are ready to their "Illustrated Catalogue."

Messrs. J. Wisden and Co., 21, Cranbourne London, W.C., offer their "Retail

Messrs. A. G. Spalding, athletic outfitters, 317 and 318, High Holborn, London, W.C., forward their "General Catalogue," deal- with every athletic sport.

We advise you to send a postcard to every of these firms. Their catalogues will form very interesting section of your library.

Sporting Stories

JUST NOTICED IT.

'Twas at the respectable seaside boarding establishment, where terms were moderate and the company strictly exclusive.

A one-armed man of morose appearance was busily engaged in dissecting a piece of fish of questionable origin, while a more affable young man eyed him curiously.

But the one-armed man continued to concentrate his attention on the fish and obstinately refused to open any conversation.

At last the inquisitive young man could stand it no longer. In a how-did-it-happen sort of way he said:

"I see, sir, you have lost an arm."

After staring at the young man for several moments, the glum one finished his mouthful of fish and picked up his loose sleeve. Peering into it, he looked up with a surprised air, and said: "By Jove, sir, so I have."

A SINGULAR OMISSION.

"Waiter," said the honest guest, who was examining his bill before making his escape, "you have omitted one item."

The waiter rubbed his hands in glee.

The guest continued: "The manager said 'Good morning' to me the day before yesterday, and has forgotten to charge for it."

IN THE WILDS.

Buried far away in the woods of darkest England, there reposed, until a month ago, a village whose inhabitants had never seen a gramophone.

The instrument, an antiquated one of a prehistoric type, was first introduced to the younger generation at a village concert, where the jovial vicar proposed to perform as a ventriloquist.

Carefully he made his rag doll, and with due caution he concealed the marvellous product of science beneath the table.

When the memorable occasion was at hand and the audience expectantly assembled, the vicar appeared amidst a thunderclap of applause.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced, "I will now give you an exhibition of the art of ventriloquism."

"Our little friend on my right (the doll) will now sing you the latest popular London song: 'Oh! Mr. Porter.'"

The doll opened its huge mouth, and weird sounds proceeded from thence.

"Gr-gr-gr-God-s-save-gr-gr-our-gr-gracious-Qu-e-e-en."

The performer fled while the audience wondered.

He had mixed the records.

VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

[This feature is intended only for those searchers after true wisdom who find our other pages not sufficiently educative. In this column we take them by the hand and lead them in the paths of knowledge. —EDITOR.]

Question: What is the origin of the word Cesarewitch?

Answer: It is derived from a custom of the Romans, who, after the death of the great Julius, used to kneel before his statue and exclaim: "Oh Cæsar, which?" What they wanted to know, of course, was a good double for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. What did you say, Wilberforce? Bronzino and Yellow Slave? Do you know, we fancied those ourselves. But—er—how dare you take an interest in such sinful subjects?

* * * * * * *

Q.: Why is the referee so called?

A.: Even *you* should know that, Dunstan. It is because he is generally in a *reverie* when a decision is required of him.

* * * * * * *

Q.: What is the meaning of the letters S.P.?

A.: Their usual interpretation is "Starting Price"—but we have found them oftener to mean "Stony Punters."

* * * * * * *

Q.: What is the origin of the popular phrase, "Touching Wood for Luck"?

A.: In days of old when knights were —impecunious, there lived a wealthy usurer named Wood; and the knights used periodically to go and touch him. That's how it is, laddie. By the way, just a word in your ear. Can you—until Tuesday—half a dollar? *No!* Laddie, you pain me. Good-bye!

J. GORDON-HOOD.

A Magnificent Introductory Offer.

A DELIGHTFUL ALUMINIUM MATCH-BOX FREE TO ALL BUYERS OF 100 CIGARETTES.

A CHARMING SOUVENIR WORTH 2s. 6d.

There are still some "MODERN MAN" readers who have not tried the celebrated Cigarettes, made by Alexander, Orr & Co. (Cigarette Specialists), and to enlist their sympathies, the manufacturers are making a very bold and liberal offer. The Cigarettes scarcely need any eulogies, for they are of the best quality, made by hand, and have a large following of appreciative connoisseurs. Alexander, Orr & Co. make this offer because they want **MORE** clients, and their recommendations must tell up in the year. The prices are:—

Virginia, No. 14 ... 50, 1s. 6d.; 100, 3s.
Turkish, No. 8 ... 50, 2s. 4d.; 100, 4s. 6d.

To every First Purchaser of 100 Cigarettes of either of these Brands, the Manufacturers undertake to Send at Once, Free of Cost, an Aluminium Match-box of the Best Finish and Quality, with Striker suitable for Safety or Non-safety Matches, and quite free from any Advertisement. A Boon to Every Smoker, and worth 2s. 6d. at any Retail Store.

COUPON.—TEAR HERE AND POST.

To **ALEXANDER, ORR & CO.,**
24, Southwark St., London.

Please supply me with One Box (100) Virginia at 3s. or Turkish at 4s. 6d., and send me Match-box free of cost. P.O. enclosed.

Mr. .....

Address .....

.....

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

FRICTION BATHS.

A correspondent asks for my opinion on what he calls "friction baths."

If your skin is not too tender to stand them, I have no doubt that they are excellent things.

I presume that by a "friction bath" he means one in which the use of the loofah or long-handled bath-brush plays a prominent part.

These should be used with soap in a hot bath, and followed by a cold bath—a shower, if possible.

But much the same effect is produced by a good rub-down after the bath.

The mistake that most men make is to combine the drying process and the rub-down. However tough your skin is, the rubbing is likely to be a very half-hearted affair unless you take the precaution of drying thoroughly first, while if your skin is tender a good rub-down is likely to bring it off in flakes, even if self-administered.

The ideal is, if possible, to get another man to rub you down. He can do it as you could never do it yourself, and I remember that the old bath-attendant who used to perform this office for me at a certain swimming-bath firmly believed that energy passed from the rubber to the rubbed.

There may be something in it, just as I believe there is some truth in the supposition that a man borrows some of the energy of a horse that he rides, but in any case a rub-down by someone else is a capital means of restoring the circulation and setting the pores of the skin in working order.

TWO IMPORTANT BREAD QUESTIONS.

While personally I prefer the wholemeal to the more usual white bread, I am of opinion that the latter is, to a great extent, unjustly condemned.

There are cranks of all descriptions, and cranks invariably exaggerate. The brown-bread crank is no exception to the rule.

Again, new bread is often kept from us as being indigestible, and we are forced to demolish quantities of the hard and more or less stale variety.

In order to do so we invariably wash down the unpleasant food with liquid of some kind, neglecting the saliva system and thereby doing ourselves far more injury than could possibly be caused by eating new and warm bread—if properly masticated.

A CHEST-EXPANDING EXERCISE.

This is a kind of forward lunge, mainly designed for the development of the chest.

Lunge as vigorously as you know how.

Standing at attention, take a brisk step forward with the left leg, planting the foot firmly on the floor, and, at the same instant, throw the trunk forward, extending the arms sideways to their entire length.

Bring the arms forward to a position level with the shoulder, and throw them back to the pose illustrated.

Repeat, say, twelve times, and then change the position, lunging with the right leg.

HOME v. GYMNASIUM.

Gymnasiums are all very well for those who have plenty of time and are endowed with more than the usual amount of the good things of this world. But even then it is not everyone who, on some occasions, will willingly walk even half a mile in search of physical exercise. Rather, the tendency is to put off the visits.

Taking everything into consideration, the apparatus and experienced tutor on the one hand and general facilities on the other, I am inclined to favour the home system of culture as being the most advantageous to the average man.

Certainly you cannot fit up horizontal and parallel bars in your bedroom, but you can often improvise a substitute for the latter, while a little ingenuity will always obviate the necessity of buying smaller apparatus.

At home you can arrange your own special hours, you are not ruled by the convenience of others. You can always tell when you have had enough, for, despite his knowledge and experience, no professor knows better than you do yourself whether you are straining something by over-doing a special exercise.

No exercise should really hurt you, though, of course, many positions are exceedingly trying at first.

There is, occasionally, difficulty in finding a suitable room, where furniture will not impede your movements. If so, the garden may serve the purpose.

FOR THE SIDE MUSCLES.

This is an exercise especially designed to strengthen the muscles of the side, hips, and thigh, and at the same time to prove beneficial to the muscles of the upper arm.

Both hands should be close to the side throughout the exercise.

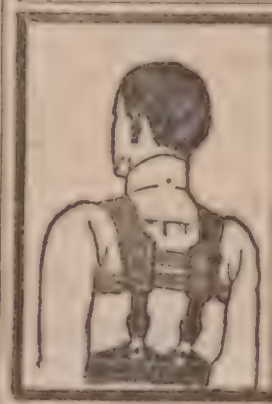
Dumb-bells may be used, but they are by no means necessary. Running corks are just as suitable, and if these are not obtainable, the usual clenched fist will prove quite as successful as any instrument.

First standing at attention, double up the right arm and bend the body from the waist slowly towards the left, taking care not to bend forward or to cramp the chest.

Coming to the upright, reverse the positions of the two arms.

In each case stretch the downward arm to its full length and keep it close against the side.

For variety the fingers of the stretched arm can be occasionally extended. The bent arm should be rolled up as the body bends, until the fist is forced right into the arm-pit.



THE
'Supporter' Brace

An Absolute Cure for Stooping and Round Shoulders.

It helps to strengthen the chest and lungs, without causing any strain. Made for both ladies and gentlemen.

Price **4s. 6d.** post free.

Dept. A. H. JONES & CO.,
154, King's Cross Rd., W.C.

A TWISTING EXERCISE.

This simple though, if strenuously ta... trying exercise, is calculated to devel... the muscles of the arms.

Standing at attention, throw the arms forward at the shoulder, bringing the knuckles together.

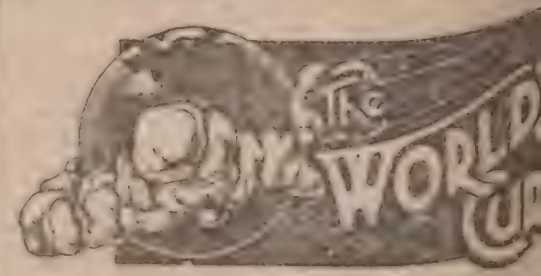
The hands must now be twisted outwards so that the insides of the fists come into contact, the extremities of the little fingers touching.

Now comes the difficult part. Keep on twisting in the same direction, endeavouring to bring the knuckles together again.

Take occasional rests, as the struggle is apt to become very tiring.

After a time attempt the other direction, forcing the hands inwards.

Throughout the exercise the elbows kept rigid, and the arms straight out.



is undoubtedly **SAD** ...

Sedentary workers, ninety-nine ... hundred, suffer from nervous troubles o... tion or another.

There is only one remedy, and that is ... **PHYSICAL CULTURE.** The up-to-da... man has to think quickly and act quickly ... makes a great demand on his **NERVOUS** ...

THOUGHT AND AC...

are sometimes worse than useless. ... foundation of the other. Loose thi... jerry-building; patchwork; penny wise ... waste. My system of Cure and Pre... founded on the rock of broad principles ... practice.

IF you have tried this and that, failed a... now feel loth to take the word of anyon... **must be reasons.** I have studi... now I claim to have built up a system th... turn re-build the weak body and nurse it ... lively health.

TO THE ATHLETE I guarantee ... durance and a better quality and quant... that can be got out of laborious systems ... time.

TO THE TIRED WORKER ... SUFFERER from long-standing ailmen... rantee health and vigour with the least tax on ... purse. Thousands have thanked me. I ha... all sorts of physical ills.

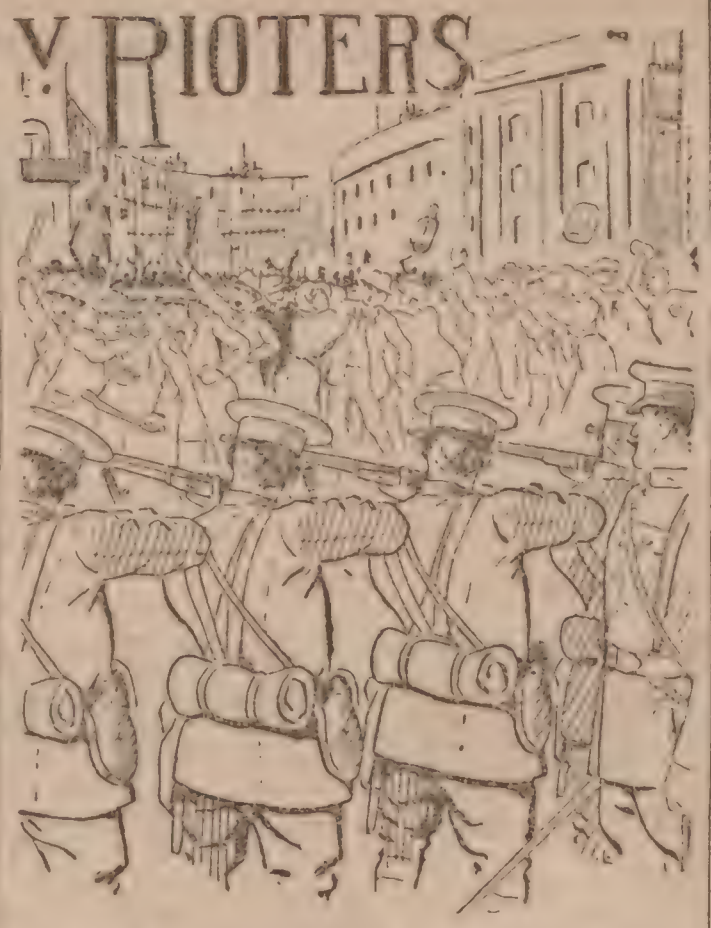
IT RESTS WITH Y...

to give yourself and my system a chance.

Drop a postcard **now**, and my free b...
"HEALTH AT HOME"
and
"INCH SYSTEM UP-TO-DAT...
will reach you post-free the same or next ...

T. INCH, PHYSICAL CULTURE ...
Dept. M.M.,
MUNSTER HOUSE, 676 & 676a, FULHA...
FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

TOMMY ATKINS V. RIOTERS



HIS MOST UNPLEASANT DUTY.

"Tommy Atkins" is sometimes called upon perform the stern duty of shooting (as one a firing party) a comrade who has been d guilty of some very grave offence on ve service.

Naturally, this is a terrible duty, but it is d by the fact that in nine cases out of the offender richly deserves his fate, and e sympathy can be felt for him. Nowa- a British soldier would rarely be con- ed to death by a military tribunal— such as murder, which are offences st common as well as military law, are rly always tried by civil courts—except in of treachery, rank cowardice, or gross rdination, or when owing to general dis- ion or disobedience of a special order it ary to make an example.

FIRE ON HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN.

The most terrible duty of all, however, that fall to a soldier's lot is that of having to t down his fellow countrymen when, for there is a riot.

r agitators have been expressing the t in the event of the present simmer- strikes in one trade and another boiling the Territorials will be called out and d to fire upon the riotous strikers. In- ally, labour agitators, at least those of a n type, are always ready to pretend to their salaries by defying the law, but at the idea of any penalty being in- upon them.

r, one may be sure that in the event shooting, these windy wastrels would under the nearest bed, caring nothing the fate of their dupes so long as they their own skins.

t seems to be quite clear that Territorials only be employed as soldiers to suppress oting when such rioting is so serious as to ute national danger.

THE TERRITORIAL QUESTION.

On the other hand, any Territorial, just any civilian, may be called upon to aid police and authorities in general in sup- ressing disorder or protecting property. In ch a case, a man attacked by a mob or in- rial strikers would be perfectly justified ing firearms or other dangerous weapons self-defence, but, in broad terms, Terri- als cannot be called out as a body and ered to fire upon a mob. The Regular, of rse, can be, and, as has been said, this is most terrible of his duties.

In the first place he may have considerable thy with the strikers. Then he may be ing death to his own kith and kin. ally, he has to fire as a rule on unarmed en, or, at least, on partially unarmed men, and sometimes, too, on women and children.

HELPLESS TARGETS.

It is, however, always a case of ng rioters in cold blood. Generally the kers will have received immense pro- ation before being ordered to fire or to harge with "cold steel." For hours they may have been the helpless targets for stones, broken bottles, and missiles of all kinds, and have been unable to hit back. This is another reason why strike duty is dreaded by the soldier.

In foreign countries the military are called on on almost the least sign of a disturbance, and the military authorities have power to order the troops to fire, or draw their swords or bayonets, but in our country certain for- alities must be observed before resorting to extreme measures, and the officer in com- mand of the troops has no power by himself to order his men to fire on the mob or to charge.

As a preliminary to shooting, the Riot Act must be read to the mob by the mayor of the city or town, or, at all events, by a justice of the peace.

THE OFFICER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Then, save in most exceptional circumstances, the commanding officer of the troops called out must have the *written* order of the magistrate who read the Riot Act to fire on the rioters, before ordering his men to come to the "present."

In most urgent cases, the officer might dispense with the magistrate's written order, but he would do so at his own risk. In short, the responsibility for ordering the troops to fire rests entirely with the civil authorities, a fact which might well be remembered by frothy spouters who draw mendacious pictures of a "brutal and licentious" soldiery jumping at the chance of shooting down their fellow-countrymen and glorying in the deed.

In addition to the reading of the Riot Act, the mob are warned of the death to come, and sometimes the troops fire a volley of blank cartridge before loading with ball.

NO SHOOTING OVERHEAD.

The idea, however, that the first real volley is fired over the heads of the rioters is absolutely erroneous, though it has a firm hold on the public. To fire over the heads of the mob would be to run a great risk of killing or wounding innocent onlookers or the women and children who are often to be found on the outskirts of a mob. So far from being told to aim high the troops are invariably ordered to aim low, in the first place to localise the effects of the fire, and, in the next place, because there is thus not so much chance of killing.

Cavalry are the best troops for dispersing a mob, for they seldom have to use their weapons, few mobs caring to face a cavalry charge, while the plunging horses effectively break up the rioters' ranks.

Artillery would only open fire in the worst cases, owing to the destructiveness of their shells and the difficulty of localising their effect.

All said and done, strike or riot duty is most trying work, and it is well that the public should understand that "Tommy Atkins" never turns against his fellow-Britons except by order of the civil authorities, and even then, usually only after they have struck the first blow.

NORMAN FRASER.

HOW TO TELL A LIAR.

There are hardened liars who can give Ananias or Charles Hawtrey (in his stage capacity, be it understood) a long start and a beating without blinking an eyelid, but the average man who strays from the truth also betrays himself as a rule, provided you know the signs to look for.

Some of these tell-tale signals are more or less obvious. For instance, if a man blushes, stammers, or hangs his head when denying something which you suspect to be true your suspicions are probably well founded.

Not always, however, for sometimes an innocent man surprised by an unjust accusation will show signs of perturbation which may easily be mistaken for those of guilt.

Still an innocent man or a man who is speaking the truth will usually look you straight in the eyes. A guilty one or a liar will not.

A man who will not meet your eyes is probably lying. Habitual liars know this, and often assume a would-be-candid gaze or stare, but it is seldom that they can maintain it.

When the lie is uttered there is nearly always a more or less involuntarily flicker of the eyelids. Some men, of course, habitually twitch their eyes, but they are exceptional.

If you suspect a man of lying watch his eyes. If, when he comes to the crucial point, they twitch or flicker, you may be sure, nine times out of ten that he is not speaking the truth.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

SKILL.

As so many readers are interested in riding and horsemanship, I may be excused if I take a horsey illustration to drive home the point I am trying to make.

If you put upon the back of a restive horse a man who knows nothing about riding at all, and if you made him trot, canter, and gallop right away, he would be one of the most miserable persons on this earth, and very likely he would meet with an accident. On the other hand, put upon that same horse a man accustomed to riding, and he will thoroughly enjoy himself.

It is the same in business.

I know of no greater misery than to have to do something that requires skill or knowledge that you do not possess. Skill and knowledge are strength, and in the exercising of strength there is always pleasure.

A man is fitted for his own line of business, for example, could no more edit a paper than I could steer an aeroplane, and I imagine that the Editor, in spite of his natural enthusiasm, would have his hands more than full if by any chance he found himself called upon to conduct my business. He is skilled in his line, and I, I hope, am skilled in mine.

I have yet to meet the man who has made a success for himself, who is not skilled. Perhaps the desire to become skilled is only one part and parcel of the character that makes for success, but you always find this strength of skill in men who have built up businesses. I wish it were more common amongst those who assist them. Often you do find the existence of skill amongst those who are not yet at the top of the ladder. They are the exceptions, and they are the people who get on.

The fact remains, however, that the average worker is not really skilled in his own trade, and that is why he finds it unpleasant, and why he grumbles about the hardships of it.

A sportsman does not grumble about the expenses connected with his amusements; in fact he pays heavily in many cases to enjoy himself, which he knows will demand great skill on his part. He does it because he likes it, and because he is rather good at it. It is the same in business. A man does not succeed by morning and evening and build up a successful business simply by will power, or because he wants to make money; money is the object in view, but that is not enough to keep a man up to concert-pitch. He goes at it because he is skilful in his own line, and he enjoys exercising that skill.

Business skill may be of practically any kind. It depends entirely upon a man's particular calling and it is difficult to define, but it may be said to consist of the possession of a little more knowledge than is usually to be found in men in the same profession or trade. A skilful salesman, for example, not only knows the art of persuasion, but also a knowledge of the goods he is selling are manufactured, which knowledge enables him in many cases to convince a customer who cannot be convinced by the usual methods.

A skilful motor-car driver is able not only to drive straight, but also to put the car to rights in the event of a breakdown.

I am not wrong in saying that skill should be sought more than it is.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

RUBBERS AND RHODESIANS.

There is very little change in prices on the Stock Exchange since last week except that Rhodesian and Rubber shares have had a further fall.

Those who are interested in sound Rubber shares which are not quoted at a high premium, might do worse than buy a few more to average.

There are some excellent bargains to be picked up in the vendor's shares of a great many Rubber companies, the reason being because there is no free market, but this need not deter the genuine investor from taking advantage of the position.

Rhodesians generally I cannot recommend either to the speculator or investor.

TRANSATLANTIC CONCERNS.

Americans, Canadians, Grand Trunks, and Mexican Rails are still marking time, but the tone of the market for the last-named is far better than that of any of the others. The return of the Mexican Railway for August is excellent, showing a net increase of over $74,000, which makes more than $100,000 net increase for the first two months of the half-year.

Roosevelt has beaten the "Bosses" at the Saratoga convention practically single-handed, and although Wall Street has made it a "bear" point, it is really an excellent "bull" factor.

As I have said before, if Roosevelt can put down "graft," he will divert many millions of dollars into the pockets of shareholders which previously were appropriated by the officials.

There has been a new Corporation formed for the purpose of assisting investors with information and advice, and a very excellent proposition it is, too, as investors as a rule are notoriously ignorant of the position and prospects of the stocks and shares in which their money is invested. The Directors, however, ought to be disinterested, whereas this corporation appears to have on its board certain South African millionaires who have a very big axe to grind in the shape of large blocks of shares of which they would be pleased to be relieved for cash.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H. R. (Liberia).—A list of rubber companies is issued by the "Financier," 54, Wool Exchange, Coleman Street, E.C., price 2s. net.

C. R. (Glasgow).—Your city is noted for the success of its enterprises; probably your investment will turn out all right.

L. G. (Portsmouth).—The firm you name has left its office, and no trace is to be found as to the present whereabouts of those running the show. If you had asked me as to the standing of these people before you sent them money, I could have warned you.

J. H. B. (Yarmouth).—The local companies you name are all in a good position. To put your savings into various sound local industrial concerns is a very good way of dealing with them.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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GETTING ON

A SKETCH.

By JOHN L. HORNIBROOK.

I.

The Manager of the Provincial Department of the World-Wide Insurance Co. snorted doubtfully as the card was handed to him.

"I don't remember the name at all," he said. "What sort of man is he?"

"Tall, narrow man," replied the office boy: "can't hardly see him sideways."

"Got any books with him?"

"No, sir."

"No rolled up maps, or anything of that sort."

"No, sir."

"No dummy copy of a new weekly paper?"

"No, sir. He ain't got nothing with him except an old umbrella."

"H'm. Show him in." And in he came.

"I'm very sorry to bother you, Mr. Snooker," he said; "but I have to ask you a favour."

The Manager of the Provincial Department froze. He hinted that he had no ready money about him.

"It isn't that at all, sir. I was your agent at Plymgwyn, Glamorganshire, at one time. Got the policy on Sir Walter Wilkin's life, you remember?"

"I remember."

"I came up to London to see Mr. Griffith Griffiths, and when I happened to see in the papers that you and he were at the big dinner last night, I thought a line from you ——"

The Manager of the Provincial Department, breathing more easily, reached for a pen.

"I don't happen to know him very well, but, of course, I shall be glad ——"

He scribbled on a sheet of paper.

"Glad to help you in any way," he said.

"I thought you would. And I thank you. If ever I ——"

"Don't mention it."

The door closed, and so did the incident —so far as the Manager of the Provincial Department was concerned. The scribbled note ran:

"Griffith Griffiths, Esq.,

"Victoria House, Embankment.

"Dear Sir,—This will introduce to you Mr. S. Hopper Evans, who seeks an interview.

"Hastily,

"W. W. Snooker."

II.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Evans," said Mr. Griffith Griffiths. "What can I do for you?"

"I merely wanted to ask if you would give me a line to Mr. Digby Brook. These members of Parliament are so awfully hard to get at that ——"

"Certainly. I haven't seen the old gentleman for a long time, but I've no doubt he'll remember me. This do?——

"Hon. Digby Brook, M.P., Westminster.

"My dear Mr. Brook,—I shall be very glad if you will see Mr. S. Hopper Evans, who will present this. And I take the incidental advantage of the occasion to say with how much pleasure I read your speech of Thursday last.—Very truly yours, Griffith Griffiths."

III.

Mr. Digby Brook, M.P., received the note and the bearer with pleasure.

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Evans? Terribly busy these days, but ——"

"I know that, sir. I simply came, recommended to you by an introduction, because I

would like to get a word from you to Captain Philip de Courcy Paget, of the Admiralty."

"Why, of course. Any friend of Griffiths's —but just wait here. I'll send a note out to you."

The note came.

"Dear Paget,—This is Mr. S. Hopper Evans, and he wants to know you. Consider that he does. I do not understand the nature of his business, but any favour, etc., etc.—Awfully rushed, Digby."

IV.

Captain Paget apologised for not having any soda.

"Your good health, sir. I really shouldn't drink with you, because I came to ask a very great favour. I ——"

"That's all right. Any friend of Digby's is a friend of mine."

"I have in my pocket an application for a position in the Naval Stores, and I thought if you would give me a line to the Admiralty ——"

"It isn't regular, but as I said before, any friend of Digby's ——" He grabbed a pen.

"You'd better see the old man in person: he'd keep you waiting a couple of years otherwise. He'll be in his office up to about five."

And then this letter and an accompanying document found its way to the Seat of Power:

"Sir,—This gentleman comes to me most highly recommended. I take the liberty of sending him directly to you, and feel certain that the circumstances warrant this action on my part.—Yours obediently, P. de C. Paget."

V.

"Yes," said the Seat of Power; "it isn't exactly the way we do things. Still, Captain Paget's word means a good deal, and I'll —just give me your application."

He made a memorandum in one corner.

"I've approved it. Report for duty on Monday, please, at the Civil Division headquarters."

"Thank you, sir. Some day, I hope —"

"Oh, don't bother. Any friend of Paget's," etc.

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can always be found for men with Special Ability. There are hundreds of men with Special Aptitude for a certain class of work who are in positions where that Aptitude has no scope, and is accordingly not appreciated or properly paid for. We want such men. If you are one of them, and can prove that you are capable of filling a Responsible Position, write us to-day—or call.

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MORE MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE.

[This week we print the fifth instalment of the list of names and addresses of members of The Modern Man League. We hope that this column may be the means of forming many sound and lasting friendships. Readers who have not already done so, may join the League by filling in and posting the application which appears on another page. A supplementary list will be published giving the names and addresses of those members who join after the names of other members in the same town have been printed. Members who do not wish their names to be published are requested to write us to that effect.]

BETHESDA.
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R. W. JONES, Penygarreg, Tyary-Mawr.

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T. ANDERSON, Woodbine Cottage, Cherry Tree Lane.
G. E. BIRD, care of C. And, Esq., Cross Street.
F. R. JOHNSON, 15, Lairgate, Lane.

BEXHILL.
G. NORTON, "Framingham," 16, in Way Parade.
F. E. WOOD, 2, Albany Road.

BILLERICAY.
J. W. HAWKINS, The Bays.

BILSTON.
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H. RODEN, 54, Bradley Street.

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R. GRAVES, 14, Crownest Road.
F. HARDAKER, 4, Hird Street, Cottingley.
A. B. JOHNSON, The Strand.
W. ROBINSON, 11, Amy Street.
P. L. SMITH, 30, Hollings Street, Cottingley.
C. WAINWRIGHT, Strawberry Gardens, Eldwick.

BIRKENHEAD.
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G. BERKSON, 100, Laird Street.
I. BEVAN, 5, Windsor Street, Oxton Road.
A. BROWN, 20, Elm Street.
C. GORDON, 19, Bentinck Street.
I. HOULDIN, 14, Chatham Road.
W. E. JONES, 2, Elgin Street.
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A. PATTISON, 111, Craven Street.
R. H. SPEIGHT, 35, Wellington Road, Oxton.
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H. THOMASON, 69, Westbourne Road.
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W. C. TULLOCH, 25, Sydney Buildings, Laird Street.
G. VEITCH, 4, Vernon Place.
J. H. WAIDSON, St. Peter's School House.
J. WINTERBOTTOM, 112, Bentinck Street.

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A. HAY, 100, Newton Road, Sparkhill.
G. E. HEMMING, 5, Clarence Road, Harborne.
A. HINSLEY, 26, Moor Lane, Witton.
H. HITCHCOCK, 103, Junction Road, Handsworth.
B. HOBDAY, 133, Osborn Road, Sparkhill.
R. G. HOMES, 403, Stratford Road, Sparkhill.
J. G. HOTCHIN, The Pharmacy, Henley in Arden.

(To be continued.)

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A Woman and Richard Selby

By ADAM STERN.

It was just on one o'clock, Richard and Graill were on their way to "The Hare and Hounds" to dinner. Passing a side street, they heard a commotion, and both paused to look.

"Pretty lively sort of scrap going on down there," said Richard.

"Nothing unusual for Moulden," commented Graill. "Who is it? Looks like a man and a woman."

The combatants were some distance away, surrounded by a crowd.

"Hum!" said Richard, narrowing his eyes to see.

Graill's surprise, he abruptly started down the street.

"Not going to interfere, are you?" inquired Graill, catching him up. "It isn't my affair, between husband and wife."

"Plain enough," assented Richard; "but in this case, they're neither. That's Kate Marshall."

"Old Steve Marshall's wife?"

"Widow. And if I make no mistake, kid that's screaming."

Graill quickened his pace.

"Women may scream and widows get excited about," he observed; "but you don't want to make upsetting himself. They're enjoying the fun."

Richard reached the onlookers and shouldered his way through. In the one glimpse that he caught he saw that Kate Marshall, with her sleeves rolled up, her face livid and her eyes blazing, was fighting with the skill and fury of a man, while a little girl hung on to her skirts, shrieking in an extremity of terror.

Evidently, too, Kate's opponent was by no means having the best of matters; in fact, he appeared to be fully occupied in warding off attack.

Richard separated them without regard for politeness. For a moment or two he had difficulty to intercept his body between the infuriated woman and her enemy; then she recognised him, and subsided instantly to a state of quiet.

"Pretty pastime to indulge in!" said Richard, grimly pleasant. "Kate, I'm ashamed of you. . . . All right, youngster" with a complete change of voice—"it's all right now; don't you worry."

The child had broken into wrenching sobs. Kate, with a sweep of her arm the mother drew the child close, pressing her face against her skirt.

"I'll murder the swine," she muttered. "I'll murder him!"

Always a fine-looking woman, dark-eyed and firm-lipped, she looked just then, with her heaving breast and defiant pose, not a little magnificent—like a thing at bay.

"Now, what's wrong?" demanded Richard. "Who is this chap?"

The man turned and inspected him. He was a young, clean-shaven working-man. With a jerk of the head the man indicated a greengrocer's cart near by.

"He delivers that for 'er," he explained.

"Then he employs you?"

"Yes; I does 'er round each day. Any'ow, I knows who yo' are," he asserted.

"Not likely," said Richard.

"It was the man as set her up in this 'ere business when Steve died, for a reason best known to yerself."

"Exactly," said Richard. "It is best known to myself. Now kindly tell me what the row's about."

The man was silent.

"Ask him," put in Kate bitterly; "and if he's answered yo' can finish the job I began on 'em. I warrant yo'll think he deserves it."

"He allows no 'ooman to set about me," declared the man loudly. Perhaps it had suddenly occurred to him that he had failed to uphold the superiority of the male. "I puts up wi' no lip from any on 'em. If 'er belonged to me I'd show 'er!"

"I'd liefer chuck meself in the cut," returned Kate.

"For two pins now——" The man took a step towards her, flushing.

"Well, we can't argue in the street," interrupted Richard, briefly. A belated constable was approaching. "Get along into the shop, Kate; and you come too, my friend. We'll settle this dispute in a decenter manner."

"Who the hell d'yo' think yo're ordering?" was the fierce retort.

He met Richard's glance and quailed, as many a better man than he had done before him.

With scowling brow he followed Kate, who was sharply commanding her child to "hold her noise."

Richard spoke a word to Graill.

"Don't wait," he said. "I'll join you at Mark's in a minute or two."

Entering Mrs. Marshall's shop, he passed through to the room at the back.

"What's your name?" he asked the man.

"Harry Turnbull." A change had come over him; he fidgeted with his cap, which he had taken off, and he was gazing with peculiar intentness at Kate.

"How long have you worked here?"

"Matter o' four months."

"Is it your cart?"

"Yes. I got an allotment, and I delivers 'er stuff along wi' mine."

"It seems a convenient arrangement. What does she pay you for it?"

"Ten bob a week—when I get it."

"Ah, when you get it! Is that what you've been squabbling about?"

"No, it ain't," broke in Kate cuttingly. "He tried his dirty tricks on with me. That's the long and short of it."

"I didn't," said Turnbull, pulling at his cap. "I—I only—Kate!" he pleaded.

"Bah! I wouldn't ha' yo' if there worn't another man in the world."

Richard looked from one to the other with understanding.

"If it's a lovers' quarrel," he said, "I'm off."

"It ain't," said Kate through her teeth. "He pesters me and pesters me. He makes my life a misery. I owe him money—I ain't always had enough by me on Saturday—and he works on that. All he wants——"

Unexpectedly she sat down and burst into tears.

Richard wheeled on the man with a grim expression. He could never endure seeing a woman cry.

"What's the amount of the debt?" he demanded.

"Er's got 'old o' the wrong end o' the stick," muttered Turnbull, evasively. "I don't mean no 'arm. We'm in the same way o' trade, and there's no cause why we shouldn't knock along well together."

"If she differs with you it's sufficient cause. She's already had one husband; if she doesn't want another you must put up with it."

"I don't see what affair it is of your'n," said Turnbull, with a flash of resentment.

"Then I'll tell you," said Richard. "Old Steve was a friend of mine, and so is his wife and always will be; and any attempt to force her to do anything against her will will be opposed by *me*. Now, what's the debt?"

Turnbull set his lips obstinately. Richard repeated the question to Kate.

"Two-pun-five," she said. She stood up, her tears ceasing as quickly as they had begun. "Yo' sha'n't pay it, though," she added.

"Shut up," said Richard, putting his hand in his pocket. He held out the money to Turnbull.

"Here you are," he said. "Now clear out."

Turnbull made to refuse, but the sight of the cash tempted him. He took it. A sneer curled his lip as he looked at Kate.

"Plain enough," he said, "why yo'd have nowt to do wi' me. All on the quiet yo'd got a fancy man o' yer own. Well, there's a lot o' folks in Moulden 'll be interested to 'ear the news."

Richard strode to the door and made a curt movement with his hand. Turnbull's hesitation was momentary, but he imitated a swagger as he went out.

"Now," said Richard, "say damn him and think no more about it. I'll see about fixing you up with another cart. So long, Kate."

"Richard," she said, suddenly. She was at full height and very still, gazing fixedly at him.

"Well?"

"Yo' were a good pal to Steve, and yo'm good to me. . . . Thank ye, Richard."

"Oh, rats!" he said, making an abrupt exit.

Kate Marshall for several moments after he had gone did not stir.

* * * * * * *

Later in the afternoon Richard sent Graill to the shop with a message.

"Tell her," he said, "a man will be there at nine to-morrow to do the usual round. She needn't pay him anything for the first month; I'll see to that."

"Right you are," said Graill.

"And give her this fiver. She seems to be finding it a hard job to make both ends meet. If she raises any tom-fool objections, make it clear it's a loan. She can pay me back when she's better off."

"You're a queer devil," said Graill.

"Bosh!" said Richard, impatient of his admiring tone. "I promised Steve on his death-bed I'd look after her. I'm merely keeping my word. Jolly good job I'm in the position to do it."

"This shamefaced apology," began Graill, and departed with a smile.

His smile was broader when he returned. He slapped the five sovereigns on Richard's desk with a flourish.

"Declined with thanks," said he.

"What the deuce for?"

"Said she didn't want 'em. Almost jumped down my throat when I made the suggestion. Also said if you were so beastly anxious

to make her a present, it would look a bit better of you if you made it in person."

"She did, did she!"

"But, whether or not, she won't accept your assistance. That chap you've engaged she swears she'll pack off when he comes."

Richard got up and put on his hat.

"The woman's an idiot," he commented: and promptly set out to tell her so.

She received him with a coldness as inscrutable as it was aggravating.

"I'm quite all right as I am," she informed him. "When I want yo'r help I'll come and ask for it."

Richard was not to be so easily baulked. When he made up his mind to a thing he did not rest until he had achieved it. Possibly she was aware of this.

"Do you keep any books?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then let's have a look at 'em."

She placed them on the table in the back-room and left him to them. He sat with knitted brows for about ten minutes, endeavouring to penetrate the secret of her dark and mysterious system of book-keeping. Then he called her in.

"You may understand these blessed things," he said, "but I'm hanged if I do."

She stood with one hand resting on the table and another on his shoulder, looking over, and at considerable length explained.

The explanations confused the issue still more.

"Here, find me your unpaid bills," he commanded.

She brought them submissively, but with a subtle taunt in her eyes which he entirely failed to notice.

"Now, give me an idea, if you *can*, of the extent of your assets. I should have thought you'd have had more gumption than to give credit in a little business like this. Apparently a good half of your customers don't trouble to pay anything at all."

When at length he arrived at a rough estimate of how she stood financially it was six o'clock. He had been busy for two hours. Characteristically he did not regret the expenditure of time. His expression was satisfied as he arose. He had attacked a problem and elucidated it.

"You'll require the fiver for a bit," he said; "but get this overdue money in and you can easily repay it. The chap I've engaged for you is trustworthy and reliable; I'll put him on to the way of hustling the customers up.

"And mind you," he threatened, with a stern glance, "I shall call in occasionally during the next few weeks, and if you haven't improved in your methods—well, look out for squalls!"

"Thank ye, Richard," she said, submissively.

She stood with parted lips gazing after him.

* * * * * * *

In little more than a month Mrs. Marshall's greengrocery business was thriving as it had never thriven before. This result attained, Richard's active interest in it terminated. He was full up with orders himself, and working a late shift, sleeping at "The Hare and Hounds" meantime.

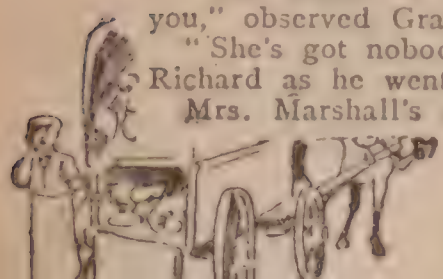
One night a boy called at the office with a note.

"Dear Richard" (it read),—"Would you plese come round and see me as I think there's something the matter with Nellie.—Yours truly, KATE MARSHALL."

"This woman's troubles are never-ending," said Richard.

"She seems to depend a good deal on you," observed Graill.

"She's got nobody else, worse luck," said Richard as he went out.



Mrs. Marshall's shop was closed, but the door was opened immediately in response to his knock. She closed the door silently behind him.

"What's up with her?" asked Richard.

"I dunno. Come yo' upstairs. Perhaps her's not so bad as I thought, only I do so worrit over the least thing lately."

It was a small cottage, with two rooms above and two below. She lit a candle, and he followed her up the enclosed stairs.

The child was asleep in bed, one arm lying on the counterpane, her breath coming regularly.

Richard touched her forehead and felt her wrist. Apparently her temperature was normal.

"She certainly looks all right," said Richard, "but I'm no doctor. If you're anxious about her I'll call and ask Dr. Martin to look in."

He lifted his eyes as he spoke, and all at once—yet slowly—it was borne upon him that there was nothing wrong with the child at all.

Kate Marshall, with the light of the candle shedding a warm glow on her face, stood on the other side of the bed, watching him.

The black dress and neat white apron she wore gave her a youthfully maternal appearance; a pulse was beating visibly in her neck.

For the first time since he had been acquainted with her Richard was intensely aware that she was feminine.

"Shall I fetch Martin?" he asked, as she did not speak. His voice sounded odd in the stillness.

"Not if—yo're sure her's—all right."

"I'm quite sure," said Richard, quietly.

He descended the stairs, picked up his hat, and was about to leave when she slid to the door and stood full in front of it, spreading wide her arms.

"Don't go," she said, almost inarticulately. "Richard—Richard—don't go!"

"I'm busy, Kate," replied Richard. "There's nothing to stop for now."

His lips compressed as she repeated the plea, the words sobbing from her throat.

"You're unstrung," he said, wilfully misunderstanding her. "The kid's as right as ever. You're agitating yourself needlessly."

"It ain't her," she moaned. "It ain't anything—anybody—but yo', Richard."

"Don't be an ass," he commanded, curtly.

"I don't care!" The colour flamed suddenly in her cheeks. "Why shouldn't I out with it. I want yo', Richard Selby, want yo' as never ——"

"Kate!" cried Richard, warningly.

"I *will* say it. Yo' sha'n't go!"

He had taken a step forward, but at her fierce movement of repulsion he paused, his face setting hard as iron.

"Ain't yo' got blood in yo'r veins?" she uttered in burning tones. "Ain't yo' a *man*, Richard Selby? What kind o' thing am I to think ye, standing there when a woman like me ——

"Ain't I good enough?" She swept her arms to her hips with a proud gesture. Her glance held his for a moment. Then he turned his head away . . . .

The passion died out of her face. She swayed, and her figure seemed to shrink. Creeping forward, she plucked his coat.

"Ain't I good enough?" she whispered, pitifully.

"It ain't that," answered Richard, in a low voice. "It ain't that, Kate. It's—it's something else."

"Is it her prettiness at Bagley Coort?"

He made no answer.

"Is it, Richard?" she pleaded. "I don't think—bad of her. I only wants—to know."

He stood like a rock, his lips tight.

She pulled at his coat again. Slowly he turned and looked at her.

"I see," she whispered—and nodded.

And Richard left her.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

THE TICKET-PUNCHER.

If you ever think of making a "Men We Could Do Without," do ... to include the ticket-puncher. (By ... if you, dear reader, are such a man ... remember that your business is to pu... and not writers of paragraphs. Be... have got our fingers crossed.)

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

W. L. (Wolverton).—Judging from your letter, there seems nothing particular to be alarmed about, but you should certainly pay a visit to one of your local doctors. On no account patronise a quack.

J. E. N. (Bush Hill Park).—You recently applied to us, asking how you might obtain a job as van-boy. A reader who saw our reply to you is ready to take you on. Please send us your full name and address—which we have not kept—so that we can put you into communication. "I feel certain," writes this employer, "that a man who is interested in your paper must have some grit in him."

F. S. (Chiswick) wants to know how to strengthen the voice. There is nothing to beat a course of singing lessons. No matter how badly you sing or how little ear you may have for music, the practice of singing on scient fic lines will do more to strengthen the voice than anything else.

J. W. (Oldham).—When, during the course of a run, you suffer from a stitch in the side, it is generally due to your taking exercise too soon after a meal. At least an hour should elapse between a meal and any strenuous exercise.

W. K. (Belfast).—For all particulars as to the conditions of service in the London Metropolitan Police, apply to the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, New Scotland Yard, London, S.W.

J. A. O. (Stretford).—A terrier that refuses to look at anything but meat is obviously rather a pampered pup. The cure is to let him go without meat for a bit; when he gets hungry, he will graciously accept his dog biscuits.

J. A. C. (Liverpool) informs us that as he was returning from West Kirby by train, a young man entered the same carriage at Hoylake, spotted his League badge, shook hands, and became friends right away. His new-found friend lives close beside him, and they have become very good pals. "I am sure," says this correspondent, "I cannot thank the League, or, rather, I should say, you, enough for having brought me into contact with this real modern man." We are much obliged for the acknowledgment. Such meetings are a daily occurrence amongst members of the League.

A. V. COOKLE, "R" Battery, R.H.A., Meerut, India, wants to correspond with sportsmen in this country.

F. B. W. (Babanango, Zululand) wants to know whether it is possible for a man to live with reasonable comfort on £50 a year in England. He has been out of this country for thirty years, and has rather lost touch with English manners and customs. Certainly it is possible. We have known of a whole family living on less.

H. W. R. (Finchley).—Keep on trying. A man of your qualifications should certainly be able to get work in a very short time.

J. McP. (Barrow-in-Furness).—You can insure that letters addressed to your late lodgings will be forwarded to your new ones, if you give the post-office people notice to that effect. The local postmaster will supply you with a form, and, when you have filled it in, your letters will be re-addressed to you at the post-office, without having to run the gauntlet of your previous landlady.

F. W. M. (Barnstone).—We have already dealt with those papers which publish so-called exposures of perfectly respectable businesses. Generally they do so in the hope that the business criticised will enter into a large advertising contract in order to stop their mouths. We do not go in for that sort of thing ourselves. There is a distinction between honest commerce and blackmail.

F. D. E. (Ebbw Vale).—The advantage of holding shares in an industrial company is obviously the obtaining of the dividend. In speculation, on the other hand, you generally rely for your profit upon a rise in the particular stock concerned.

Many replies have been held over till next week.]

The getting rid of rubbish is often a serious problem in small suburban gardens, where a large rubbish heap is an impossibility. Such a heap is unsightly in itself, and it is undesirable to have a quantity of decaying vegetable matter near the house.

The accumulation of grass cuttings during the summer is often difficult to dispose of, but the difficulty is most easily avoided by mowing the lawn without the collecting box on the machine.

The making of a new bed is a great opportunity for the engulfing of the rubbish heap which, if sufficiently decayed, will be most useful.

But if the above plan is adopted when mowing the grass, it should be comparatively easy to do without a rubbish heap in a small garden.

A basket or similar receptacle will serve the purpose, and the contents can either be buried, or, better still, burnt.

* * * * * * *

Autumn is in every garden a season of bonfires, and not only does this method dispose of the rubbish expeditiously and healthily, but it provides a very excellent lawn-dressing in the ashes, which may also be used for various other purposes.

All rubbish must be arranged carefully, and not thrown together indiscriminately. Such things as old pea-sticks, tree trimmings, which will make a good foundation for a fire, should be set on one side and kept as dry as possible.

In a larger garden the bonfire may be kept going almost continuously throughout the autumn. Leaves are best burnt also. They may, of course, be piled on one side, if space is available, to rot into leaf mould, but this undoubtedly harbours a great number of insects, and its uses are exaggerated by many.

* * * * * * *

As a form of winter decoration for the garden, evergreen shrubs in tubs are often most useful.

Especially are these to be recommended to those who have moved into newly-built houses and who have been unable as yet to get a creeper or other plants to break the regularity of the wall of the house, or to grow by the side of the doorway.

A butter-tub, which may be obtained from any grocer for 6d. at most, makes two most effective receptacles when sawn in half.

Several large holes should be made in the bottom, and several inches of broken bricks, flower-pots, stones, and clinkers put in. The tub may then be filled with soil, composed of good fibrous loam, leaf-mould and sand.

Plant the shrubs deeply and firmly. If they are already in pots, it is often advisable to plunge the whole pot in the tub.

If they have to be transplanted, they should be watered several times before removal, in order that plenty of earth may adhere to the roots.

C. B. STAINER.

MOTORIST AND CYCLIST.

A PLEA FOR A BETTER UNDERSTANDING.

There is unhappily no room to doubt that between the motorist and the cyclist, and indeed between the motorist and almost every other class of road-user, there is no love lost.

Only those who are quite familiar with both methods of travel can really hope to act as peacemakers, because they can bring to the court of arbitration a practical and sympathetic knowledge of both cases, and, being disinterested, may be able to point out where preconceived prejudice stands in the way of amicable understanding.

It has been my fortune lately to have spent many days in motor-cars and to have lived among people to whom motoring and all open-road affairs are of primary interest. I have carefully studied their attitude towards cyclists, both by observation and by direct questioning, and I have come to a few conclusions which, I believe, hit off the matter with reasonable accuracy.

First of all, then, it seems to me that the cyclist's idea that the motorist is "up against him" is entirely a delusion. In the course of hundreds of miles touring over English roads, I have overtaken many cyclists, and the attitude of the motorist towards one and all has been that they and motorists have equal rights to the road, and that cyclists are on a par with every other sort of traffic—to be met, considered, and "negotiated" with the ordinary precautions for safety.

The cyclist, however, has a rooted idea that the motorist has no consideration whatsoever for lighter road traffic.

This belief, however, in my opinion—and I am as keen a cyclist as any—is founded upon a misreading of outward appearances.

A cyclist is pedalling along a good hard road at a comfortable ten miles an hour. He hears a motor-horn behind him. The horn has not a beautiful voice, perhaps, and in its hollow snorting roar there may, perhaps, be a suggestion of "clear out of the way."

As often as not, the cyclist takes it as such, and his back is up at once. But if he only knew with what misgiving, and with what a desire to do only that which is necessary to safety, the motorist sometimes sounded the horn, he would at once acquit the motorist of arrogance.

It is not of much use having a tinkling bell on a motor-car. A loud-voiced warning note is necessary, but there is no implied discourtesy in its voice.

The car, then, approaches. It is travelling at a high speed. The road is open and it swoops past the cyclist.

As it came up behind him, he had an uneasy feeling that he might be in danger of being run down. The ponderous car seemed right upon him, leaving him no room.

Then in a second it flies forward, leaving a rather thick cloud of dust behind, and a smell of petrol fumes.

Now, it is ten to one that this cyclist has an impression that that car almost ran him down. But, as a matter of fact, that car gave him quite a wide berth, and it was only the sudden rush of air caused by its rapid passage that gave the impression of a "near shave."

It is far easier for the motorist coming up behind to judge the safe distance between his car and the cyclist, than it is for the cyclist to say at what distance the car passed him.

The car appears to be a blustering, selfish thing that has no thought for others, but in reality it is handled by the great majority of drivers with skill and consideration, and it is as often as not only an appearance of discourtesy, inherent in the speed and swish of the thing, that is responsible for the bad impression it has created among so many cyclists.

L. WESTMACOTT.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SOMETHING THAT HASN'T "CAUGHT ON."

I have spoken before in this page on the subject of boot-laces, but I do not remember ever having mentioned those abominable freaks of fashion—check laces.

These articles, I am glad to say, have only been taken up by a few.

A man's boot always strikes me as being one of the most masculine parts of his attire, and the adoption of variegated laces gives a weak foundation to any man's appearance.

If the movement is allowed to grow, we shall soon see boot-laces manufactured to match socks, some specimens of which are, to say the least, weird.

This novelty, too, comes quite expensive in its little way, for the lighter parts of the lace quickly become dirty. Thus, to anyone who takes exceptional interest in his personal appearance—and only those who do have adopted this freak—the laces will be useless after a couple of days' wear.

The check lace was simply invented for those who are always seeking some new thing, however unbecoming.

NEXT YEAR'S BOATERS.

Perhaps it is rather early in the day to forecast the prevailing fashion in straws next season, but a word on the subject will not be amiss to those economically-minded people who are debating whether to keep this year's straw, or who buy slightly in advance and yet desire to be up-to-date in their selections.

Wide brims will continue to enjoy the popularity they achieved this year—if anything, they will be even wider—while the crowns will diminish proportionately.

Bands will be low, in some cases reaching the inch and a quarter line.

The serrated edge will be noticeable, though not emphasised.

As regards weight, the moderately heavy hat will continue to be worn. Business men, as a rule, prefer a fairly weighty straw.

While on the subject of straws, it is interesting to note that a waterproof hat is to be brought out and it should prove a success.

Cleaning will be facilitated; even ink-spots will be erased with ease.

A waterproof varnish for the purpose will be placed on the market shortly, so that either hatter or customer will be at full liberty to do his own waterproof varnishing.

THE NORFOLK JACKET—NOT TO MATCH.

During the past year or so the custom of wearing a Norfolk jacket, as a garment distinct from the suit, has been making rapid strides towards popularity.

Provided the contrast in shade and pattern between the jacket and the garments of lesser importance is not too striking, the Norfolk should make a valuable addition to any man's wardrobe.

There is a nice easy atmosphere about this article of clothing, and it is especially useful for those whose duty it is to visit the City on a Saturday morning, when they want to "quick change," after lunch, into football or other togs.

Cycling outfits, too, are often the better for a slight variety in pattern—though not, of course, in colour—between the jacket and breeches.

Grey flannel trousers or drab breeches look well with Norfolk coats of almost any pattern or material.

A WORD IN FAVOUR OF RUBBER HEELS.

While the schoolboy wears the toes of his boots out by kicking stones, so the man wears his heels down by resolute walking.

The rear portion of the boot is really an important matter, for people will often judge a man by his boots, hence the significant expression "down at heel," which usually makes one think of a man who is down on his luck.

Another thing to remember is that a crooked heel gives a crooked step.

No man wants to send his boots to be repaired regularly every three weeks, and the obsolete steel stud has its vogue only amongst errand boys.

Rubber gives you a quiet tread, and if the circular variety is used the pad can always be reversed when one side begins to wear down.

THE BUYING OF AN OVERCOAT.

At this season of the year the tailors generally do a roaring trade in winter overcoats, and in this connection I would give a hint to my readers who wish to appear fashionably dressed.

Don't be in too great a hurry to get your new overcoat. Make last year's coat do for a month or so, and meanwhile keep your eyes open and see the material and style that are being most favoured.

At the beginning of the season even the tailor cannot be certain what will be the prevailing style, and if you rush to get your new overcoat so as to be first in the field you *may* set a new fashion, but it is a great deal more probable that you will not.

The average man like you and I has to be content to follow the fashion instead of leading it.

Personally, if I purpose buying a new overcoat or suit, I study those that are worn by the better-dressed men I meet in the street with even greater care than usual for a week or two, and I study the shop windows of the leading tailors, so as to get an idea of the most suitable materials.

If you give your tailor a free hand, he will turn you out quite fashionably, if he is a good man, but he will not add those little distinctive touches which you might by the exercise of a little observation have hit on for yourself.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SEASON.

While autumn is generally described at the time when leaves begin to fall, an almost equally noticeable feature of the season is the gradual discarding of summer clothes, and the varied and ingenious mixtures in which men are attired during the commencement of the season.

The weather is, in a way, the cause movement. October has its catches of su summer dies hard, and a continuous spell has always to be experienced before men the very last vestige of summer attire.

Also, the reason I have suggested in vious paragraph has a great deal to do wi

Winter suits and summer waistcoats, and flannels are often to be seen in con and somehow the mixture does not see place, for there is usually an obvious reas

ONE PRICE and ceptional value for our over the world. Where we guarantee satisfacti value and perfect-fittin whatever style you choo the cloth, we make the c to measure from **21s.** to supplied from **2s.** yd. style book, together w formation of carriage and duty to any part of the worl
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Do you pa too much for your cloth

In the ordinary way you have t share of heavy rents of tailors' dealing with us you get not on material and cut but better suits fo than you would have to pay If you prefer, we will supply re cloths for the latter to make Either way you will save money. 29/6, lengths from 10/-, post fre
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FASHIONABL OVERCOAT

It is s tory to first grad coat, cut best tailor. Y real plea wearing Made i wool two Scot Chev

50

These are cut very style, a accurate guarante

Patterns Measuremen sent to any Distance

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set
201, STRAND, W.C.,
And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.
Every Londoner should make a point of

180 COLLARS FOR 1/-

LIN-GLOSS is a waterproof linen glaze—you simply put it on your collar or cuff.

LIN-GLOSS does not alter the appearance of the collar in the least.

LIN-GLOSS will give you a clean collar every day for six months for 1/-. A damp sponge is all you need to bring a "Lin-Glossed" collar up like new.

Bottles, 1/-, will last six months.

Send P.O. 1/- to-day to
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The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Always well-dressed on 1s. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Fawn covert coat, latest, worn twice, fit 36in. chest, cost 45s., accept 25s.; bargain.—49, Alexandra Road, Wrexham.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3659, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Grey tweed suit, almost new, by J. and H. Ellis; fit young man 22, chest 34in.; sacrifice 25s.—Box 3676, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Football, brand new this season, never been used; take 6s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 3600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Skates. Roller-skates, all sizes, new, adjustable; accept 2s. 9d. per pair.—Box 3653, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle table, full size, all accessories, must be in good condition, and cheap.—Box 3652, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pike rod, 10ft., optional check reel, line, landing net, quantity tackle, floats; 10s. lot.——Box 3680, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a set of boxing gloves, first or second hand, men's size.—Box 3681, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle board, 7ft., folding, with accessories, in good condition; 30s.—Box 3682, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For billiard tables see Riley's advertisement, page 17.

Wanted, secondhand pocketless billiard table, not less than 7ft.—Box 3683, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle, 8ft long, 24in. wide, 9 balls, cues, india-rubber cushion, used twice, worth £4 15s. cash; take 37s. 6d.—Box 3684, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, pair of wading trousers, size of boot nine, height 5ft. 10in., fair condition only required.—Box 3685, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, skates, aluminium wheels, screw on boot, size 7; good make.—Brousson, 6, Batoum Gardens, Kensington, W.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

100 mounts, quantity of gaslight postcards, frames, trimming shapes, and boards, &c., for ¼-plate; accept 4s.—Box 3686, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted for No. 1 Blocknote camera, telescopic tripod and base, magazine, folding view finder, magnifiers, other accessories, oil dark room lamp.—Box 3687, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, No. 1 folding Kodak, this or last year's model; lowest quotation. — Box 3688, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

100 numbers "The Modern Man"; what offers?—Box 3677, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

CYCLES, &c.

Gentleman's cycle, 28in. wheels, good tyres, lamp, bell, pump, &c., just enamelled green; 26s.—Box 3689, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's cycle, B.S.A., 3-speed, Warwick tyres, Bowden brakes, accessories, competition prize, brand new, bargain; lowest £5.—Box 3690, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bicycle, gentleman's, cost £11 5s. June, 1910, splendid condition, latest improvements; £3 15s.—Box 3691, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Ebonite concert flute and piccolo in case, beautiful orchestral tone; bargain, £2 10s.; approval.—Box 3671, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A 6-string banjo, with case, for sale; £1 10s., or nearest offer.—Box 3692, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

For sale, 20 Lotinga's Shares, 5s.; 150 Christenville Rubber, 1s. 6d.—Box 3673, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£200 Provident house-purchase bond for sale, £30 paid, ballot section. Accept £16.—Box 3693, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sale, thirty £1 shares Columbia Rubber Co.; accept £26.—Box 3694, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, few Lipton's preference shares. Prompt cash payment.—Box 3695, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£20 private loan required, repay £24; valuable security deposited.—Box 3696, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 British Homes certificate, present value about £50; accept £25 for quick sale.—Box 3697, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Sunburnt men are handsomely attractive; Indian Liquid Bronze, genuine; post free, 10d.—Binn, 4, Pitt Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3585, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Hair Tonic. No need to lose your hair. Remarkable old prescription, practically unknown, inexpensive, invaluable. Recipe, P.O. 1s.—T. W., Box 3646, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Two brood bull bitches, breeders; pedigrees include best blood obtainable; 50s. each.—Box 3675, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, fox terrier; must be good house dog.—Box 3698, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Large powerful Airedale terrier, male, splendid bone, good coat, excellent colour, smart guard, trained house, very intelligent companion, 18 months, pedigree, 47s. 6d.—Box 3700, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Great Dane female puppy for sale, price 20s.; room wanted; or exchange.—Box 3699, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Oxydised wrist-watch, 6s. 6d.; also gold-cased centre-seconds stop-watch, 4s. 6d.; both as new; reliable timekeepers.—Box 3674, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2s. 6d. safety razor for 1s., with extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Correspondence desired.—A young respectable working man desires to meet or correspond with same, age, about 25.—Apply by letter, Abel Roebuck, Bailey Terrace, Delph, nr. Oldham.

"Clenechave," the most perfect safety razor, complete in case with seven blades; 5s. post free.——Clenechave Safety Razor Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Amusement.—Secure, post free, six unique Pocket Novelties, 1s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

A golden offer. Gent's tie-pin, exceptionally handsome, 1s. post free.—J. Treasure and Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Character read from handwriting; P.O. 6d.—E. Cloyne, 1, Gladstone Street, Hartlepool.

Character, prospects, &c.; send letter, stating birth-date, with ordinary (cwn) signature, 8d. stamps, and stamped envelope; or send your friends' and surprise them; genuine.—Mr. Rudolph, 121, Solihull Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.

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PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument; registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

£1 1S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

Oct. 15.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.